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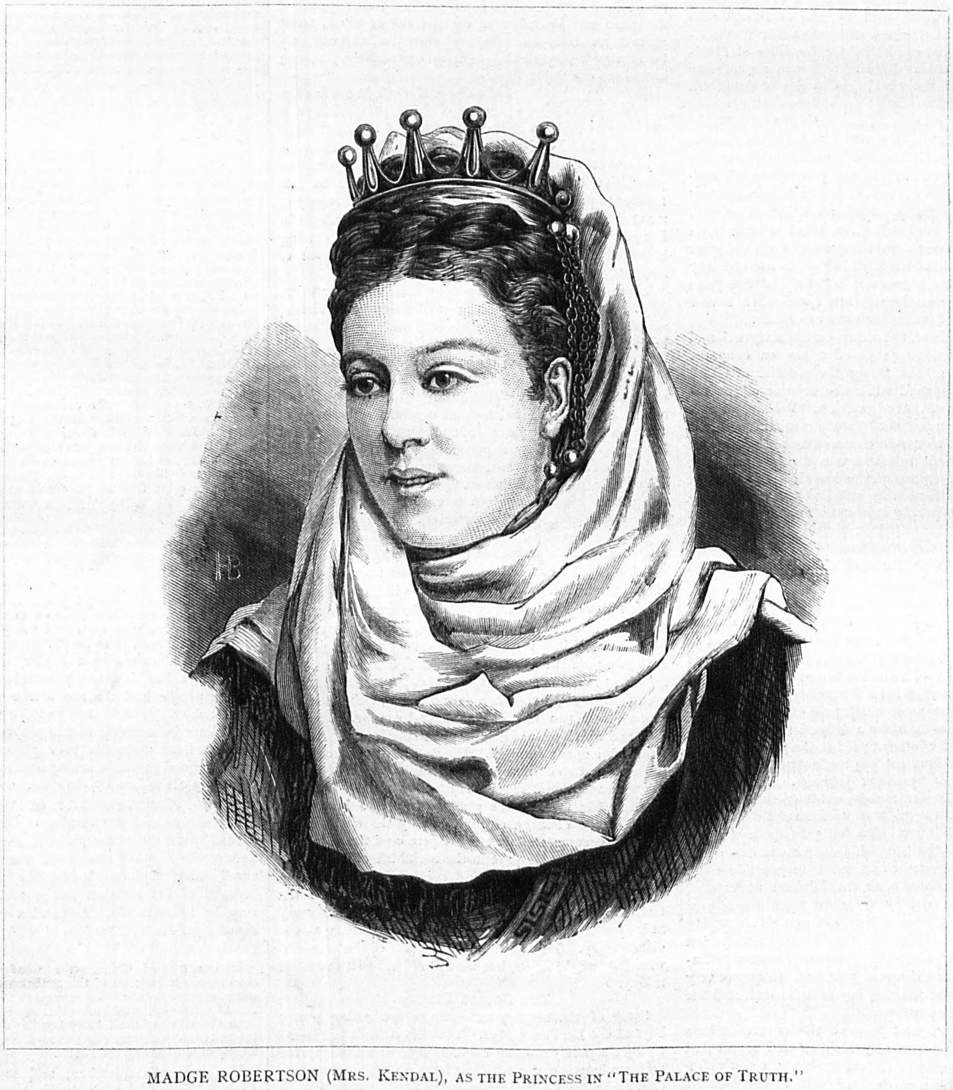


MADGE ROBERTSON (Mrs. Kendal), as the Princess in "The Palace of Truth."

## AMATEUR STATESMANSHIP.

In matters of government and the science of politics the world is in a very unsettled and experimental condition. We have fewer fixed rules as to what is right and wrong in political economy, in its relation to government, than had European monarchs in the days before thrones began to be overturned by popular revolutions. Not that we do not know more than was known then. Far from it; we have made considerable strides in political science, and have exploded a good many errors. But what we think we believe in is more likely to be mistrusted and set aside than were the old political dogmas, though those dogmas were much farther from the truth than are the laws which we profess to follow.

Not to wander round for examples, we strike at once at the point which forms our subject. Everybody who is in any way associated with the business of the Stock Exchange knows that dealers in money have just suffered a rather severe shock. The story is nothing more than this. Capitalists have lent the Spanish Government a large amount wherewith to carry on the affairs of the State, and, as a matter of course, Englishmen are a good deal concerned in the matter. The stock has been standing at a low price in the market, for several reasons. For one thing, the existing Spanish Government is not considered very stable; and for another, the character of Spanish statesmen does not stand high in the matter of good faith in financial affairs.

All the while, however, people were getting to have a rather good opinion of the Administration which had gathered round the energetic and popular young King Amadeus, and the price of Spanish stock was fast going up in the market, when suddenly, two or three weeks ago, by a combination of the various parties in opposition, the Government candidate for the office of President of the Cortes was defeated. It was an unlucky piece of work at the time, and quite unexpected. The Government knew that they had not an absolute majority, but they were in a position so strong that they could only be defeated by a vote which should include at once all the Republicans and Ultra-Republicans, the Carlists, the Ultramontanists, the Orleanists, the supporters of Queen Isabella, and, indeed, the men of every shade of political opinion. Such a coalition occurred, and the Ministry resigned. An event of this kind would naturally have a depressing effect upon the price of Spanish stock; but Ministerial changes are ordinary events, this one was not so very serious, and the price of these shares was moving upward again when a new and far more serious announcement was made.

The Finance Minister, appointed on the resignation of the late Administration, proposed a tax on coupons. Now this is one of the things the parallel of which would not have happened while the science of government was in a less advanced position. When countries were ruled by kings, and not by statesmen, there were a few plain rules that monarchs observed towards their own subjects and in their relations one towards another; and such is the progress of the knowledge of political economy that if nations were ruled now by really professional kings, and not by Parliaments and Cabinets, we make no doubt that it would be a well-observed maxim among Sovereigns that, whatever they did, they would never break faith with those of whom they borrowed money on the national credit.

It is the misfortune of the time that we have occasionally to deal with amateur statesmen who do not understand this. Two years ago the then President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, proposed, as a neat and expeditious way of reducing the great war debt, to discontinue paying interest on the money borrowed, and to count the interest as so much paid off the principal. Now to tax coupons—to make a deduction, in fact, of so much per cent. in the interest paid to the public creditor—is a proceeding differing in degree, but not in principle, from the scheme of President Johnson. Yet it is not many months since the steady, old-fashioned Government of Austria, in the midst of its financial difficulties, propounded the brilliant idea of putting a tax on dividends, just as the Spanish Government has done. Of course the *Times*, in its most responsible tone, indignantly expostulated with the Minister at Vienna, and that Minister quietly withdrew from his absurd position. Even so, when a few days ago this startling news came from Madrid, the *Times* sternly but patronisingly informed Iberian statesmen that repudiation in any form would never pay, and we expect very soon to hear that the warning has been heeded, and the obnoxious scheme abandoned.

Meanwhile the price of Spanish stocks recedes from day to day, and we can only look on and regret that there is so much amateur statesmanship just now going on in the world. If an uneducated political stump-orator may find himself one morning President of a great Republic, and if the merest adventurer in the field of statecraft may become suddenly possessed of the portfolio of a Department, it will be necessary to provide an A B C of Political Morality, to be translated into all languages and spelled over to aspiring Ministers and rulers on their acceptance of office.

## OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

### Among the Cattle.

It is not easy to understand how so much business is transacted in a London cattle market. The animals are numerous enough. There is sufficient stock, one would think, in Islington Market on a Monday morning to feed all London and the Home Counties for a week or two; but where are the buyers? The bargaining seems to bear no proportion to the vast trouble and expense of bringing these immense flocks and herds by difficult routes to this not very accessible spot in the centre of North London. For hours in the early, misty morning the whole district is in a state of uproar by reason of the coming of these almost uncountable hordes of beasts. It is as if a prairie fire had driven the whole four-footed population to one centre of refuge. But before London has had its breakfast the turmoil is over, every animal is in its place, and the idler wandering in that direction, and bethinking himself that this is market-day, will imagine for a while that an alteration has taken place in the arrangements, or that the buyers and sellers of stock have forgotten to come on this particular occasion. By ten or eleven o'clock there is no animation and very little token of business in the vicinity. The roads round the enclosure are almost clear. No groups are congregated; no vehicles block the way. Yet there, within the gates, is a supply of live cattle quite astonishing in its magnitude. From the stall close in front of you away into the dim and foggy distance, you see nothing but oxen, so closely packed that between two which put their heads over the top rail to which they are tied a middle one, for lack of space, rests his jaw on a lower ledge, and appears to look out from somewhere between his fore legs. The wide expanse of sheep cannot be taken in by the eye at once, for it spreads round in more than one direction, and can only be surveyed piecemeal. It is an extraordinary scene; but where are the people?

Plainly the buying and selling of stock is confined to a comparatively few persons. That is perhaps a necessary condition of the machinery of this vast trade in a place like London. Every man has his own business to attend to, and it can hardly be possible for the immense population of metropolitan butchers to repair to this market to purchase their comparatively small supply of meat for the next two or three days. Elsewhere in London is a monster wholesale meat market, coming between the seller of cattle and the retail vendor of meat.

These plain men, of more or less rough exterior, quietly buying oxen by scores and sheep by hundreds, standing about in twos and threes, widely apart, doing business without noise or fuss, are in the habit of turning over thousands of pounds in the course of an hour or two. They do not look like it, according to conventional notions. The idler must not imagine that this is a mere manipulation of capital in the way of business by men whose independent means are not large; nor must they suppose that the rough trade in which the cattle merchants are engaged is any measure of or guide to their habits and style of life when they are away from business. Here is one, buying stock. He does not spend long in deciding. He is on terms of sufficient familiarity with the drovers. An old overcoat, with collar turned up, is buttoned close round his throat. He has bestowed no pains upon his toilet. His hat is tossed up behind and drops half over his eyes. He is a cattle-dealer among cattle-dealers; but we think we have seen him somewhere before. Yes, there cannot be a doubt of it. We know him elsewhere as a gentleman; an amateur scholar; a lover of books and pictures; as one at home in any drawing-room; a leading man in a country town, living in a grand house, quietly, at the rate of from two to three thousand a year. The one instance which we are able to put to the test of personal knowledge opens our eyes. We watch a few others, and are able to detect many tokens indicating that this is not an exceptional case. The vast business is transacted, not by men of the gipsy stamp who happen to have the use of large capital, but by those who in the evening occupy stalls at the Opera and the play, and perform a creditable part in the social life of the middle classes.

These are the impressions of a walk through the Cattle Market in the middle of the morning, when every animal is in its place and only a few are being slowly driven away. There are many aspects of the scene on which we might dwell, but we will not exhaust our notes to-day.

### The Social Letter.

Some of the country newspapers are going a step beyond the London Letter. There is a tendency to introduce a purely literary contribution, which is a sort of medium between the article of the London correspondent and a light paper for a magazine. Every year, in fact, journalism more and more usurps the functions of the purely literary publication.

The most notable instance of this innovation that has fallen under our notice is an occasional letter which appears in the *Manchester Guardian*, under the heading "Social Gossip." Recently this writer merrily summarised the facetiæ of the last session in Parliament, reproducing all the jokes, the little ridiculous misadventures, and the "scenes" which occurred, from the day when the Queen's opening speech was read till the curtain was dropped upon the doings of our representatives. This business afforded him material for several letters. We have his latest contribution before us. Its sub-title is "London Dinners and London Theatres." The matter, for the most part, is not very new, but the style is lively, and it makes pleasant reading. The writer tells the story once again how "society" has been getting later and later with its dinners, till we suffer in health and put entertainments and everything else out of time. The Opera, he points out, during the fashionable season, does not now begin till eight o'clock, and that is too early for "the fashion." Then, he says:—

> The theatres follow in the wake of the Opera-houses. The practice used to be to throw open the doors at half-past six, and to begin the tragedy or principal piece of the evening at seven, so that the "half-price people" should not see too much for their money. The majority of the theatres still open at seven, but in deference to modern dinner habits the performances begin with a farce or other light trifle to amuse the pit and gallery, while the most attractive piece of the evening is reserved for eight o'clock, or even later, for the accommodation of the boxes and stalls. Even "Old Drury" reserves "Rebecca" until a quarter to eight; while the Gaiety, which aims at West-end patronage, does not begin Offenbach's "Belle Hélène" until half-past eight. The new arrangement has two notable advantages for the wealthier class of theatre-goers. They know exactly at what hour it is necessary to arrive in order to see what they want to see; and the performance, divested of the opening and concluding pieces, occupies about two hours or two hours and a half, which many persons will think quite enough for one night. The modern plan is fatal to "half-price," which is becoming a thing of the past. The Italian Operas never recognised half-price, and it is now abolished at the Prince of Wales's, the Gaiety, and most other London theatres. It continues at the Haymarket, which leads off with "The Rivals." Mr. Buckstone knows that the fashionable world care as little for Sheridan as for Shakspeare, and old theatre-goers with slender purses gratefully remember the hearty laughs they have enjoyed at half-price over a Haymarket comedy or farce, with the late Mr. W. Farren, Mrs. Glover, or Mr. Compton in it.

The playgoer of moderate means, however, feels more keenly another grievance, thus set forth by the social gossiper:—

> There are cynics to be found in London society who maintain that there has been no honest or independent theatrical criticism worth reading since the critics used to sit in the pit. Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith did not disdain the pit, and the criticisms of Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and Coleridge had the pit for their cradle. They wrote fearlessly and sincerely, because they wrote anonymously; and they liked the pit—first because it was cheap, and next because it is the best part of the house. Theatrical lessees having made the latter discovery have despitefully used the pit-goers. Covent Garden, the scene of the "O. P." riots of seventy-seven nights, has during the opera season exactly five rows of pit seats at the narrowest end of the pit, and farthest from the stage. All the rest are "orchestra stalls"—an absurd misnomer when it is remembered that some are half a stone-throw from the orchestra. In Drury Lane, Mr. Mapleson boldly abolished the pit altogether, and called the entire area "orchestra stalls." Mrs. John Wood has done the same at the St. James's, and the new Opéra Comique, in the Strand (the very place for the French plays), is fitted with luxurious velvet arm-chairs in the area formerly devoted to the pit. Little by little elsewhere the orchestra stalls have encroached upon the pit, until in perhaps the majority of London theatres the pit proper has been driven back to the confined and ill-ventilated space beneath the pillars of the boxes. In other theatres the pit is regarded as a squeezable and compressible area. When a favourite piece or popular actor attracts the West-end broughams, the carpenters are turned in, and half a dozen rows of the "orchestra stalls" drive the luckless pittites into distance and obscurity. Another device has been to create "pit stalls," which come next to the "orchestra stalls," like the first and second preference shares in a railway, and for which a price intermediate between the orchestra stalls and the pit proper is charged. A similar process has here and there gone on in the gallery, where the first two or three rows are called "amphitheatre stalls," and charged about the same as the pit.

The cost of managing a theatre and putting pieces on the boards has immensely increased since the two-shilling people had the run of the whole of the floor-space behind the orchestra, and the proceeds of a full house have been augmented in proportion; but it is none the less hard upon the poor playgoer. There is no longer a good place for seeing and hearing in either pit or gallery of the London theatres.

### Combustibility of Asphalte.

The accounts of the burning of Chicago, where even the roads were in some places consumed because they were made of wood, has raised some little alarm as to our London asphalte roads, the notion being that, because of the bitumen in the rock the composition may be inflammable. A London correspondent of a country paper speaks indeed with a sort of foregone conclusion on the subject, for he says:—

> In the case of Chicago the wooden pavements greatly accelerated the progress of the conflagration, and this circumstance appears to have been present to the minds of the members of Common Council the other day when a question arose as to the safety of the City of London from fire by reason of the inflammable character of the asphalte, which is now being largely used in paving the streets.

He is greatly mistaken, and so are the Common Council, if they imagine that it would be possible to set the flooring of Cheapside in flames. Asphalte has been proved over and over again to be fireproof, and it is often used for the floors and roofs of buildings for that special reason. The people of London, who have taken so strong a liking for the asphalte roads, need not fear that the latest objection will create any prejudice against the new system of road-making.

## COUNTRY LIFE.

### Ward Meetings.

The man who would understand public life in the provinces must attend a number of the ward meetings, the like of which have been held in nearly all our corporate boroughs during the last three weeks.

We will ask those of our readers who have not the opportunity of studying this phase of country life for themselves, to glance with us down the columns of a few country papers that lie before us, full of interesting and amusing matter relating to the doings of local patriots in the days preceding the municipal elections of the year.

The first journal we take up is the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and here we get an introduction to an element in election warfare not to be found in many English boroughs. At a meeting of the Exchange Ward, the Chairman informed his brother ratepayers that :—

> They were met for the purpose of considering the causes of the present violent opposition on the part of a section of the ratepayers to the re-election of their able representative, Mr. Stitt, in order that those present and the public generally might have an opportunity of judging whether, under the circumstances, that opposition was warranted or not.

It must be understood that a complication has been introduced into the business of the election. Mr. Stitt is a Liberal, and as a general rule the Roman Catholics of Liverpool are Liberals; but Mr. Stitt is also a champion of the Nonconformists, and, as a member of the School Board, he has taken an active part in opposing the proposal that the School Board should pay the fees of indigent children in denominational schools, including, of course, Roman Catholic schools. Therefore the Chairman finds it necessary to say that :—

> For some weeks there had been a floating rumour in the ward to the effect that the Catholics were dissatisfied with Mr. Stitt, and were determined at all hazards to oppose him. That opposition took shape about three weeks ago, when he (the Chairman) was waited upon by three or four gentlemen, who stated that they were a deputation from the Catholics, and that they had called upon him as Liberal Chairman of the Ward to inform him of the feeling that existed amongst their body with regard to Mr. Stitt. They also handed him a copy of a resolution passed at a meeting of Catholics held in the Catholic Clubroom, on the 2nd of October, 1871, Mr. J. N. Lomax in the chair. The resolution was to the effect that the meeting endorsed the opinion elicited in Exchange Ward, that Mr. Stitt was not a candidate whom the Catholics could accept as a representative, and that they were quite prepared to support heartily any other Liberal whose conduct and opinions were not so objectionable to the Catholic body. From further conversation with the gentlemen of the deputation he learnt that the grievances they had to complain of were of a twofold character. The first was, that Mr. Stitt had not voted in the Council against the introduction of Dr. M'Neile's statue into St. George's Hall. (Laughter.) Mr. Stitt would no doubt afford a satisfactory explanation of his conduct on that occasion. (Hear, hear.) The second grievance was Mr. Stitt's conduct at the School Board, which, they asserted, was objectionable and opposed to Roman Catholic interests—as if Roman Catholic interests only were to be represented there and attended to by Mr. Stitt. (Hear, hear.) He (the Chairman) told the deputation that what they had stated should be properly represented to the Liberal committee before any decision was come to as to Mr. Stitt's standing again. The committee met, and three of the gentlemen who formed the Roman Catholic deputation, and were ratepayers in the ward, were invited to attend, but they did not do so. The consequence was that Mr. Stitt was invited by the committee to offer himself as a candidate again; and they did not think that Mr. Stitt had done anything in the Town Council to forfeit the confidence of the ratepayers. (Applause.) As to what Mr. Stitt had done on the School Board, that had nothing to do with the discharge of his duties in the Council, and if his conduct on the School Board was considered objectionable, he might be rejected at the Board when the proper time arrived. (Applause.) The Roman Catholic deputation had gone so far as to say that if Mr. Stitt were not withdrawn, the Catholics would vote for a Conservative. Now, if that did not amount to dictation, what would? (Hear, hear.) Some of the Conservative leaders were desirous that Mr. Stitt should be returned unopposed, but a section of that party had entered into what he would call an unholy alliance with the Roman Catholics, and they were leagued together in their attempts to overthrow Mr. Stitt. (Hear, hear.) They called upon all lovers of justice and fair play, no matter what their creed or politics, to support them in this cause of right against wrong. There were great principles involved in the contest; and he hoped that on the day of election they would be all found supporting those principles to the best of their ability. (Loud applause.)

All this has very much the old ring in it, and yet how closely it sticks to the great questions of the hour! The following little bit from Mr. Stitt's own speech is instructive as to the difference which has arisen between that gentleman and the Roman Catholics :—

> As to his conduct on the School Board, it had been said he deprecated the use of the Douai Bible in the schools. He had never done so. As a Liberal, he was an advocate of perfect liberty for all religious creeds to exercise their opinions to the fullest extent, so long as they excercised them with those who believed in them, and not at the expense of those who did not believe in them. (Applause.) He had been censured in one of the papers that morning for having looked narrowly into the Douai Bible at all. It was considered no part of his duty to inquire too nicely into what the Douai Bible contained; but he read his duty differently, and on taking the Douai version into his hand he found it was associated inseparably with notes and comments which contained every distinctive dogma of the Church of Rome which was contained in the Catechism excluded distinctly by Act of Parliament. (Hear, hear.) The offer was made to allow the Douai Bible without note or comment, but that offer was not accepted by their Roman Catholic friends at the School Board. What they wanted and insisted upon having, and what the other members of the School Board found themselves unable to give, was the Douai Bible with notes and comments; and to have granted that would have been in distinct violation not only of the letter, but of the spirit of the Act of Parliament.

Experienced hands at election business will quite understand the following passage from Mr. Rathbone's speech :—

> They had been asked to be parties to smuggling Mr. Stitt away into another ward, on the ground that, if they did so, they would prevent a split in the Liberal party. Now, they all valued very highly the support of the Catholic party; but, anxious as they were to support party cohesion, they could not consent to do so against the principles of justice and by passing a slight upon one of the oldest and most valuable supporters of the Liberal party.

Leaving Mr. Stitt in the midst of his difficulties, we find in another ward a new candidate, Mr. Musgrove, speaking in strong terms with respect to a question of local public works :—

> In reference to local taxation, he said he would promise them that he would not aid in squandering their money by filling up the best dock they ever had, and erecting upon it one of the ugliest buildings in Europe; neither would he consent to spend their money in building most extravagant and ornamental buildings in which to receive their taxes. He would, however, strive to the best of his ability so to change the formation of the principal streets leading from the river that, though deprived of the natural boundary of the estate by the line of dock property, they might still get the blessing of pure and healthy air.

These are matters in which we can all feel an interest, seeing that Liverpool is one of our provincial capitals, and a place to be visited sooner or later by all travelling Englishmen.

At St. Anne's Ward, where a Conservative meeting was held, a "Conservative working man" created some diversion, as witness the report :—

> On the Chairman taking his seat, the elector referred to, who appeared brimful of patriotism and potation, cleared the railing in front of the platform, and, in the most enthusiastic manner imaginable, shook hands with Mr. Whitley, by whose side he then took a seat on the platform, much to the amusement of the meeting. As he continued his demonstrative expressions, efforts were made to induce the said elector to retire from his prominent position, but these were unavailing until Mr. Whitley took him in hand, and, amid loud applause, led his enthusiastic admirer off the platform like a father would do his child.

In order to enable its readers to form a correct opinion of the work performed by the Corporation, the *Bradford Observer* gives a summary of the year's municipal work, from which we quote the following figures indicating the large amount of building entered upon in twelve months in a Yorkshire town :—

> In 1870, 390 plans came before the committee, of which 348 were approved. In 1871, 512 plans were submitted, of which 444 met with approval. It is true that last year's plans included 1808 dwelling-houses, against 1769 this year; but, on the other hand, 125 warehouses and mills have been built, or commenced to be built, in 1871, against seventy-five in 1870. An extraordinary feature of this year's statistics is that the plans of twenty-one churches and chapels have been passed. No fewer than forty-one new streets have been planned during the year.

Those are figures relating mainly to private and benevolent enterprise; here are some statistics of the work of the local authorities :—

> In repaving and reflagging the streets there has been expended this year no less than £14,321 odd; but though this sum may appear large in the aggregate, it is less than two shillings per head of the population, and surely that is no great amount to pay every year for the privilege of having well-paved streets to walk and ride in. The committee have spent in addition the sum of £5,500 on the paving and draining of private streets—a sum which will be, or ought to be, repaid by the property owners.

One more item, showing that in the matter of providing the public with reading Bradford is following, though somewhat tardily, in the footsteps of Leeds and Birmingham :—

> The Free Library Committee record the preliminary steps they have taken to confer on the town the great boon of a free library, and we must confess that their energy has not been equal to that of the other committees.

At a meeting of the West Ward, in Halifax, a speaker referred to the Town Councillors as "bobbies," because they were unable to explain to him, as one of the ratepayers, what was going on. We are not clear as to the meaning of the term as used by this gentleman, but it brought down upon him the rebuke of the Chairman (a Councillor), who called him to order and made the following wise and reasonable observations :—

> If the ratepayers knew more about municipal matters they would be rather less severe. The Council all did their best. They might err—no doubt they did—but in large Corporation matters they brought all the practical sense they had to bear on the work, and if they erred it was accidentally.

This is, however, by far too mild a method of treating subjects at election time, and we hasten on to more lively proceedings. A curious point was raised at a meeting in the east ward in the same town. It appears that the Corporation are the manufacturers of their own gas, and a complaint was made that certain public and charitable institutions were supplied with gas at a price which yielded no profit :—

> Mr. Bairstow said he did not consider the gasworks as a trading concern, but as a joint-stock company, in which every ratepayer of the town was interested. He thought, therefore, before they were generous they ought to be just to the ratepayers. The subject he knew had been under the consideration of the Gas Committee, who he also knew were divided on the question by four against four.

On this subject the following explanation was given :—

> Mr. Alderman Berry said it was agreed, when the works were transferred over to the Corporation, that the Infirmary should be supplied with gas at 2s. 6d. per thousand feet, and a block of almshouses were now being supplied at 3s. If they were to charge more than the cost price to those places the saving would not be much. Whether the thing should continue as at present was under the consideration of the Gas Committee.

We will take leave of the Halifax municipal business for the present, hoping that by the time this paper goes to press the electors will have followed the excellent advice of a speaker at a meeting of the Ovenden Ward, to "Vote like men, be men, and act as such!"

We like some of the speeches at Staleybridge. Here is a specimen :—

> Mr. Woodruffe stepped forward, amid great applause, and addressed the meeting as follows :—I am sure I come forward with a great will of mine, and of course it is the first time I was ever on a public platform to speak, and if there is any mistakes, I hope you will excuse me. My intention is to do my best for Staleybridge. (Cheers.) It has done its best for me, and I have nothing to grumble about Staleybridge. I never shall have a more comfortable place. I have been in many places, but I never resided in a better place than this, and if I can do anything for you, there is no doubt I shall do it with all my heart, and I am sure Mr. Warhurst will do the same along with me; and of course we have had a conversation between us, and he is in the same mind as myself, that we ought to do the best we can for Staleybridge. (Hear, hear.) We have been supported well, and we ought to do the best we can for those who supported us. Our worthy chairman has spoken well of me, and I ought to speak well of him. He has done his best for me, and the gentlemen who nominated us, and as a neighbour a better one I don't wish to meet with. (Hear, hear.) I am proud of the manner and confidence you have put in me, and I think I must do my duty towards you. I can't hardly express myself, I feel so proud that you have honoured me with such a position, and I am sure I thank you all for the manner you have voted for me. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) If it does come to a contest, I shall do my utmost to get in. (Cheers.) Of course it is the first politics—not politics exactly—it is the first office I have took in public, or intended to do, and as it is I shall stand if I am put in, and I shall do my utmost to get in, and I thank you all for the manner you have voted for me. (Loud cheers.)

That looks like genuine patriotism, and we trust Mr. Woodruffe's chance was as good as it appeared. In sentences somewhat better constructed that gentleman's colleague, Mr. Warhurst followed to the same tune :—

> I give you my assurance that if successful I shall do my utmost for the Conservative ratepayers of Lancashire Ward and throughout the borough. (Cheers.) I shall strain every effort that my feeble powers will enable me to secure to the burgesses of Staleybridge success in every shape and form. (Hear, hear.) I promise you if I go to the Town Council I go with a determination to do my utmost for the benefit of the ratepayers, and I shall support every measure that has for its tendency the well-fare and prosperity of the borough. (Cheers.) I shall fearlessly and honestly do my duty, and, I may also add, that I shall on all occasions oppose vigorously anything that has, so to speak, a dirty face. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) I shall oppose that to the utmost of my power. I trust you will excuse any further remarks, and in twelve months hence I shall be prepared, after hearing full discussions, to meet the burgesses of Lancashire Ward, and give them a full and undisguised account of my stewardship. (Loud cheers.)

The electors appeared to be perfectly satisfied with these unvarnished assurances, but they did not take so well to some remarks of a more accomplished orator, who seemed to suggest something in the shape of a compromise :—

> A general disturbance here took place, a number of persons rising in the body of the hall to object to any compromise. One man said, "I may say that a compromise is an underhand way of doing business. It is underhand and unfair to the burgesses of Staleybridge. If there is a compromise with Dukinfield Ward, three-fourths of the canvassers will throw up the sponge." (Loud cheers.) A second voice, "And they'll do the same in Staley." (Renewed cheers.) A third voice, "And all the canvassers in Dukinfield will throw it up." (Hear, hear.)

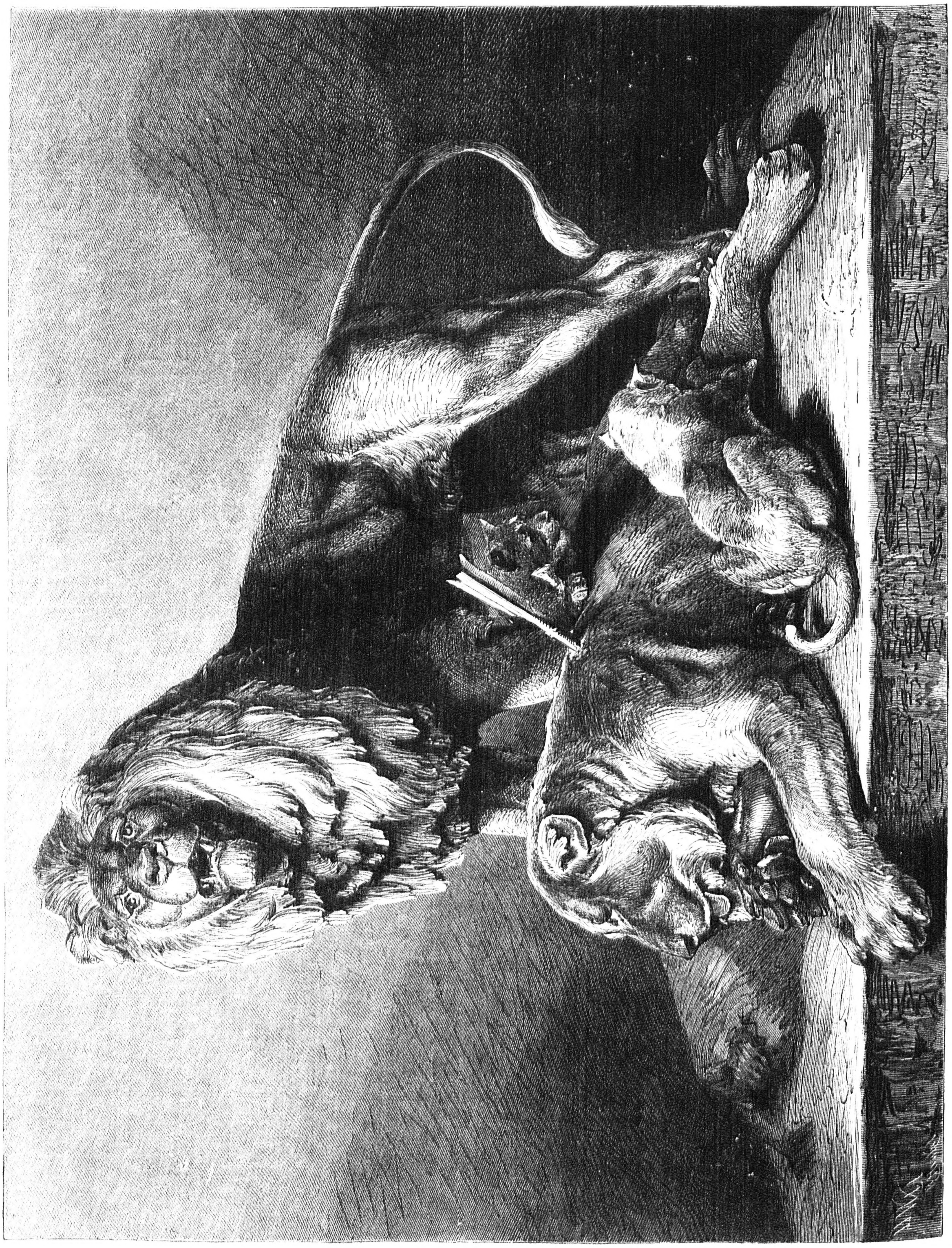
A little later, when the Chairman was about to acknowledge a vote of thanks :—

> The disturbance caused by a general rush from the room to attend a meeting in Staley Ward prevented him being heard.

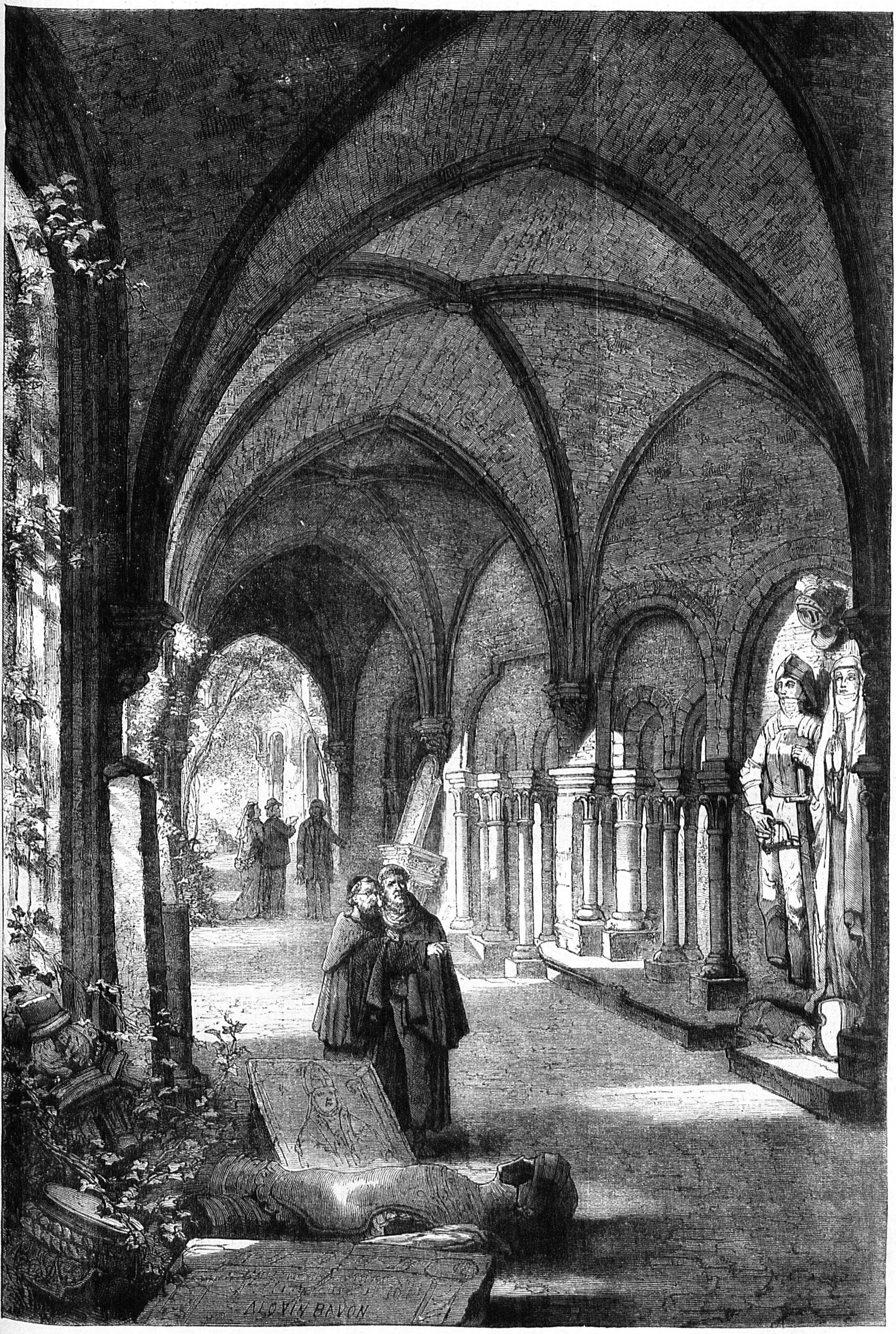
One specimen will be enough of the business which was transacted in Staley Ward :—

> Mr. George Adshead was received with loud cheers. He said: Mr. Chairman, I won't go into the stereotyped phrase of "gentlemen." I go in for the men of Staley. (Hear, hear.) I was born here, brought up here, and I live here, and I intend to stand by Staley. If you return me as your representative, I shall always think of it as the greatest honour that has been given to me in my life. (Hear, hear.) I shall always do my utmost for you, and shall always have two points before me—namely, economy and efficiency. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) We spend quite sufficient money in Staleybridge, but we do not get the quality for our money. (Hear, hear.) We want a better article for our money. There was a thing brought forward about five weeks ago by the other side—they proposed that Mr. Hilton should have an increased salary. (A voice, "Bag'em all." Laughter. Another voice, "Let's have a fresh lot.") It was proposed all well and good, but it did not carry, as we all know. (Hear, hear.) If he wants more money, let us have more work for it. He wants more money, and we've had to pay him for the many hours he spent at the revision court last week. I was there many hours, and I saw him there, and I ask him through the Press—I see the representative of the "Rag" is here—I want to know why we should pay him for what he does not do? If he has time to come to the revision court, he has time to do other work. (Hear, hear.) He does not do his work, and he has not done it. He has done his work in one thing, and that is in £10 for James Kirk. (Hear, hear.) When it comes to a point of that sort it is time for a man like that to go. ("Hear, hear," and cheers; and a voice, "Mind the 'Rag.'") With all due deference to the "Rag"—(A voice, "That's a lie, Laddie." Laughter)—I can go on and ask you men of Staley if you are going to stand it. Are you as ratepayers going to see your money lavishly spent on such men as Hilton and Kirk—are you going to allow such a man as that to handle your money? ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) But whatever I ask you, I can certainly give you one and all my word—if you can accept a true blue's word. A true blue's word is never doubted—a true blue always stands staunch to his gun, and works shoulder to shoulder, and goes right away in. . . . With these few remarks—this is only my trial trip, and I will try and do better next time; it is the first race—allow me to sit down. And if you return me and you ask me to give an account of my stewardship, you will only have to hold up your hands and say "I." (Loud cheers and laughter.)

We have quite a pile of election meetings and speeches and "uproarious proceedings," but the subject begins to lack variety, and we will pass it by.



THE DYING LIONESS. Modelled by Wilhelm Wolf.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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

IF we were to judge of the Chicago fire by the newspaper reports, we should set it down as a tame affair on a large scale. We have not read one graphic account of the fire, its progress, the scenes in the streets as the flames rolled over the housetops, and the picture of the wreck when the fire was really out. There has been nothing published worthy the awful grandeur of the scene. We have simply been told there has been a fire, that public buildings have been burnt, and many lives lost. There is plenty of time for a second DEFOE, and we have no doubt the story is being "done" in graphic style by many of the unfortunate Americans who witnessed the panic and the flames. The Chicago fire has revealed the true spirit of American enterprise and hope. Nothing seems to reduce them to utter despair. Before the flames were out they were preparing to rebuild and repair the damage in real "everything-happens-for-the best" spirit. The sufferers have been relieved, food has been taken to the city in abundance, and the rebuilding is going on rapidly. It has given employment to more men than can be at present brought to the scene, and high wages are given. Europe has come with substantial assistance, and a willingness to bear part of the losses, so that the inhabitants of Chicago have not suffered so great a calamity as they might have done, for all the relief the living could afford has been given without delay.

MR. GLADSTONE has been to Greenwich and addressed his constituents. His speech has been duly reported in our daily prints with Liberal comments and Conservative comments, and the great political event has sunk to the commonplace. There was nothing remarkable in the gathering or in the speech, nor was there anything in the newspaper accounts (if we accept one that described the meeting as "gigantesque") to startle us. Mr. GLADSTONE acknowledged that too many measures had been laid on the table, and explained that the public expectation of the country constantly made it a matter of moral necessity for them to introduce to Parliament a greater number of measures than they could confidently reckon upon carrying into law. He defended the Ministry, but he did not let any State secrets out of the bag, seeming to speak not as the Prime Minister to the people, but as a plain member of Parliament to his constituents. In conclusion, he asked working men to review broadly the history of the last eighteen years as respected themselves. During that period some fifteen or twenty millions of taxation had been remitted, and the working men themselves had been admitted to the franchise, and might hope within six or eight months to exercise it under the ballot.

THE season of November darkness has commenced. It is only a few times in a whole day that the sunshine can break through the clouds for a few moments, and before the day seems well commenced it is evening again. In the city that disagreeable compound known as London mud is becoming more palpable, and in another week or two we shall no doubt have it ankle deep. It is the season, too, of suicides, and there have already been some pitiful cases of self-slaughter. One poor man has drowned himself at Carlisle because Mr. DARWIN'S book, "The Origin of Man," convinced him he was the descendant of an ape. Another unfortunate mortal has hanged himself because he could not endure the consciousness that he was a crow. He took a dog and a fowl, hung them on a wall, and then placed himself between them with a rope round his neck; in which order the fowl, the dog, and the man were afterwards found dead. At Paddington, on the 26th ult., a man named WILLIAM DAVIS threw himself out of window, and expired a few hours afterwards at the hospital.

## EDUCATION IN ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

THE Protestant Gymnasium of Strasbourg has now existed for more than three centuries. It was founded in the year 1538. That period, says a German paper, was one of the most brilliant in the whole history of the city. Such a city was fully prepared to receive the ideas of the Reformation; and the teaching of Luther, Capito, and Hedio found an echo in the hearts of the mass of the inhabitants. The magistracy, too, at whose head stood the immortal Jakob Sturm of Sturmeck, favoured the Reformation, which was solemnly introduced in 1524. The Reformers everywhere displayed a lively anxiety for the improvement of education. This was also the case at Strasbourg, and when the first efforts made in this direction were crowned with only partial success, Lutzer and his friends resolved to establish a school suited to the wants of the time. They communicated their scheme to Jakob Sturm, who warmly entered into their plans, and Johann Sturm, of Sleida, near Cologne, who was then professor of philosophy and *belles lettres* at Paris, was placed at the head of the institution. The gymnasium was opened in 1558, and Busser, Capito, Calvin, and Hedio were among the first of its teachers. The institution at present possesses a chemical laboratory, a cabinet for natural philosophy, a fine set of mathematical instruments, collections of geological and mineralogical specimens, samples of chemical productions, and raw materials used in manufacture, as well as a library for the use of the scholars. When the boarding-school was opened in 1865, 400 pupils on an average visited the gymnasium, and from that time to this their numbers have steadily increased, so that in the year 1870-1871 they had attained the number of 660. Of these 78 (*les internes*) boarded entirely, and 17 (*les demi pensionnaires*) partially in the institution. The scholars of the gymnasium are divided into four classes; the *externes libres*, who only attend the lessons, the *externes surveillés*, who remain in the establishment from morning till night, with the exception of the dining hour; *pensionnaires*, who board and lodge at the school; and the *demi-pensionnaires*, who dine at the school, but sleep at the houses of their parents or relations. On entering the gymnasium every pupil has to be furnished with a copy of the register of his birth, and if he intends to board in the school with a medical certificate of vaccination. Those who have attended another school must also be provided with a report on their conduct from their former teachers. Any pupil coming from a distance must be able to refer to a satisfactory correspondent in Strasbourg. Every three months reports are forwarded to the parents as to the progress, conduct, and diligence of their children. The terms are as follow:—for the *externes libres*, 100fr.; for the *externes surveillés*, 160fr.; for the *demi-pensionnaires*, 500fr.; and for the *pensionnaires*, 900fr. per annum. Besides this, an entrance fee of 5fr. has to be paid. The whole gymnasium is subject to the inspection of the Protestant Seminary and the Directory of the Augsburg confession. We trust that this institution, which has weathered so many storms, will flourish with renewed vigour. Indeed, such expectations seem to be justified by the reports which we receive of the position of the higher educational institutions in all parts of Alsace and Lorraine, which have just commenced their winter term. Thus, the Lyceum at Strasbourg has 170 scholars, and their number is increasing from day to day. Forty of these are natives of Alsace or Lorraine. There are fourteen pupils in the boarding-school connected with this institution, several of whom are the sons of Frenchmen who have been sent from France to enjoy the advantages of a German education. The gymnasium at Buchsweiler began with 102 scholars, only one of whom is a German immigrant. Muhlhausen has eighty, among whom are the sons of the most influential inhabitants; Colmar has eighty-four, of whom sixty are Alsatians; and Metz eighty-seven, most of whom are German immigrants, although all the teachers speak French, and the director is a native of Lorraine.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### MADGE ROBERTSON.

Miss Madge Robertson, the most graceful and ladylike of English actresses, first appeared on the stage, we believe, at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln, her father being lessee of that theatre many years ago. Her late brother, T. W. Robertson, was educated at Spalding, and she was also educated in Lincolnshire. When Madge Robertson was making her first appearances, her brother was also exercising his talents as an actor, the whole family being in the theatrical profession. The young Madge progressed rapidly, and obtained engagements at Bristol and other provincial towns. Wherever she played she became a favourite. She worked hard, and improved every month. At length she appeared in London, was well received, and made her mark. A year or two ago she became (Mrs. Kendal) an actor's wife, the marriage taking place at Manchester or Liverpool, we forget which. We know that the marriage was celebrated in the morning, and that in the evening of the same day both bride and bridegroom appeared in that amorous play "As You Like It"—Madge as *Rosalind*, of course, and her new-made husband as *Orlando*. This is a charming incident in her career. Mrs. Kendal has now taken her place amongst the first rank of English actresses, and for a long time has been an attraction at the Haymarket, going with the company now and then into the provinces. She has had many parts in new plays that have suited her admirably, notably in "New Men and Old Acres" and "The Palace of Truth." During the past month she has been playing with her husband in "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," and "The Rivals," and will appear in the latter play this evening; and on Monday next in "She Stoops to Conquer." A new piece by W. S. Gilbert will in a short time be produced at the Haymarket, in which Miss Robertson will, no doubt, take a leading part.

### TWO CASTLES ON THE SAALE.

German rivers are suggestive of old castles. Along the Rhine we have them to our right and to our left, the crumbling walls telling grim stories of the past. Every castle has its legend, which the guides insist upon repeating with elaborate original details, whether you wish to listen or not. "Ever since the time of the Merovingian kings, ever since the world began probably, war has tainted the Rhine streams with human blood. The world grew wiser and saw further—produced its Galileos, its Raphaels, its Shakespeares—still, the swords crossed, and the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Dynasties, kingdoms, nations, races, passed; kings reigned and died—still the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Nations broke their chains, nations were enslaved—still the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Many a vintage of blood this fair river saw; many a dying soldier crept among its vines to groan and then to die. Many times its cliffs echoed back the thunder of the cannon; many a time the storm of war tore through its vineyards. 'The proudest ornament of the Rhine,' says the poet, 'is the crimson robe it wears when the enemies of Germany float dead upon its waters.'" The Saale, too, has its historical associations. Battles have been fought upon its banks, vines grow upon its banks, and there are old castles upon its banks.

### THE PROPHET EZEKIEL.

The marble statue of the Prophet Ezekiel in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore was modelled by H. Hulzsch, a celebrated German sculptor. Ezekiel was the son of Buzi. He was both a prophet and a priest of the Jews, and was carried into captivity with Jehoiachin, King of Judah, B.C. 598, and was probably settled with other exiles on the banks of the Chetar, a river of Chaldea. He was favoured with sublime visions of the divine glory, and his prophecy as a whole is characterised by great force, sublime imagery, and as much perspicuity as the subjects of it would allow.

### THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. BAVON.

If any of our readers in their travels find themselves near Ghent they should go to the Abbey Church of St. Bavon. It is a romantic old place, full of historical interest. There are crumbling monuments, effigies, and tombs many hundred of years old. The leaves have grown through the decaying walls, and wound themselves about the ancient pillars and tombstones.

### THE TYPHOON IN JAPAN.

The typhoon in Japan occurred on the 6th July, sweeping down trees like straw, and carrying all before it. For miles the earth was covered with the *débris* of houses and shipping. Our illustration represents part of the harbour of Hiogo after the typhoon.

### STEEPLECHASING AT BADEN-BADEN.

The steeplechases at Baden-Baden came off on the 6th September, and were well attended. The weather was fine, and the sport good. The gamblers turned out of the saloons to risk their money in the open, and the scene about the stand and along the course was lively and pleasing. Our picture represents the event of the day, the river-jump in the great steeplechase.

## LITERATURE.

"THE Lovels of Arden." A novel. By the author of "Lady Audley's Secret." (Maxwell and Co.) Stories by Miss Braddon are invariably advertised as "By the author of 'Lady Audley's Secret,'" this work being the foundation-stone of her reputation. It may be that Miss Braddon's next novel will be published as "By the author of 'The Lovels of Arden,'" for it is certainly her best production, and the one that will stand out as her *chef d'œuvre*, unless in the future its author surpasses all previous efforts. "The Lovels of Arden" is a simple tale of village life. There is no one murdered, no one shot by moonlight, no one pushed into a well, no bigamy, no forgery, and no life-and-death struggles with detectives. The plot and the underplots turn upon domestic difficulties, and there is nothing sensational or unnatural throughout the three volumes. The good characters respect morality and possess passions that are pure, and the bad characters are not surrounded with a halo of heroism. In fact, we can find no fault. The author has shown herself as powerful in shifting the scenes of a quiet domestic story as in a sensational one. The situations picture life as it is, and are worked with subtlety and delicacy. The characters are not overdrawn in mind or body; they represent such men and women as we may meet any day in the week.

Arden is a pretty village surrounded with pretty country scenery, and situated near the Holborough Station. In the village is a grand old country house, which for centuries had belonged to the Ardens, but which at the opening of the story is in possession of one Daniel Granger, a Manchester millionaire. He is an educated man with a taste for art; he is stern, but not ungenerous. Mr. Arden is a lazy, worthless gentleman, who is not very wise nor very foolish. He lives in a cottage near his old estate, where he eats and drinks and indulges self to a high degree. Clarissa, his daughter, returns from school in Paris, to find Arden Court sold, and her father in debt. Clarissa is young and beautiful; and Lady Laura Armstrong, a great lady of a great family, takes her by the hand. At her house Clarissa meets Captain Fairfax (the villain of the story), who is engaged to Lady Geraldine Calderwood, Lady Laura's sister. The captain exercises his power in winning Clarissa's heart, and succeeds sufficiently to make the poor girl very miserable. She, however, rejects the Captain, from a sense of duty to Lady Laura Armstrong and her sister, and is driven by her father and her friends into accepting the hand of Daniel Granger. Her married life is magnificent, but dull—intolerably dull. Then Captain Fairfax turns up again, and it is at this point we begin to fear elopement, and some of the old devices of Miss Braddon's earlier novels. We were agreeably disappointed. Clarissa does not elope with the Captain, but the Captain weaves his villainous webs about her, and, through her girlish ignorance, she is forced into compromising herself, and is "in a very awkward position," as Mr. Toole says in the play. Daniel Granger, whose suspicions have been worked up by his disagreeable daughter, surprises his wife and the Captain at a very unhappy moment. Daniel Granger knocks Fairfax head over heels, looks upon his wife's guilt as proved, and threatens to take her baby away from her. Poor Clarissa runs away from home with her baby and a five pound note, and hides herself in a dirty court in Soho. Baby is ill and nearly dies; Clarissa is ill and nearly dies. Granger finds them, and repents of his wrath. All is happily explained, and Clarissa and her husband visit Rome to recruit her strength, and there they see the scoundrel Fairfax riding in a barouche with a lady of doubtful reputation, or rather a "lady" of whose reputation there is no doubt whatever.

Such is the story of "The Lovels of Arden," a most entertaining and pleasant novel, and remarkably true to life. The plot is slight, but artistically worked out. It has a proper growth, attains its climax, and wanes without a hitch. There is no doubtful morality in the work, and its teaching is wholesome. In the third volume good comes to good, and bad comes to bad, and we lay down "The Lovels of Arden," commending ourselves for having read it, and feeling that the time has not been wasted.

### NURSERY BOOKS.

"Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe," pictured by L. Frölich, and narrated by Charlotte M. Yonge; "The Lost Child," by Henry Kingsley, illustrated by L. Frölich; "Puss and Robin," in pictures by L. Frölich, and in rhymes by Tom Hood. (London: Macmillan.)—These are charming books for children. The paper is thick and white, the print is large, and the illustrations are admirable. "The Wonderful Globe" is a book with a double purpose. There is information on every page conveyed in such a way that the young reader will not forget it. When Lucy first sees a globe she is anxious to know all about it, and when told that it is a picture of the earth, she is greatly surprised, saying it is too small for people to live on. As the explanations become more intelligent to her she is more interested. One day Lapland is found on the globe, and many wonderful things are told to her of the men and women who live there. The next day another country is pointed out and explained, and the teaching is continued for a week or two, the child realising at night what has been told in the day. In her dreams she goes to Greenland, China, Turkey, and every part of the world, always meeting with little people who tell her about themselves and the country wherein they live.—"The Lost Child" is a republication from Mr. Kingsley's novel "Geoffry Hamlyn." Mr. Kingsley's children's stories are acceptable to every nursery. "The Lost Child" is pathetic and pretty. It is suggested by a tradition that lost children always seek for safety in climbing. The little boy of the story thinks he has seen children on the other side of the river beckoning to him, and he longs to get to the other side to play with them. He talks the matter over with his mother, who tells him he has not seen any children, but that fairies have been enticing him. She warns him not to attempt to cross the river; but he does attempt it nevertheless, and gets to the other side. When the search is made for him he is found dead high up in the hills, and the young reader is told in pathetic lines that he had at last got to the happy children and the happy land where they play. "Puss and Robin" is an account in rhyme of a cat who caught a robin, and of the children who got the robin from the cat, and put the frightened little bird in a cage.

## THE GERMAN WAR FUND.

THE Budget Committee of the German Reichstag have passed Section 1 of the Draught Law for the establishment of an Imperial War Fund, which will be raised as soon as the Prussian State Fund shall have been abolished.

The creation of the common war fund for the German Empire has given rise to a long discussion in the Reichstag this week. Several members contended that now, when everything seems to prognosticate a profound and lasting peace, it would be unadvisable, in an economical point of view, to withdraw forty millions of thalers from circulation; they consequently advocated the employment of this sum in the reduction of taxation and for other useful purposes. The Prussian Minister of Finance, Camphausen, pointed out, on the other hand, what a reasonable resource the Prussian war-fund had proved in July, 1870; and he added that the Government of Great Britain always holds a considerable amount at its disposal in the Bank of England. He further stated that the hitherto existing Prussian war-fund should be abolished, and its present available capital employed in redeeming a part of the liabilities of the State. The Bavarian Minister, von Pfretzschner, spoke warmly in favour of a common war-fund, which would have done him good service, he said, as Bavarian Finance Minister, at the beginning of the last war. The bill was finally referred to the Budget Commission. During a discussion that followed, on a measure for the redemption of the Five per Cent. War Loan, State Minister Delbruch announced that out of the 400 millions of thalers of war indemnity already paid, two millions had been allotted to the Germans expelled from France, four millions to landwehr and reserve men, six millions to ship owners, eleven millions for injury to property by war, 86,666,000 for the Alsace-Lorraine railways, and five millions for their rolling stock, and finally 153,333,000 to the South German States. This leaves a surplus of 137 millions of thalers, the destination of which, with the exception of forty millions, has been already decided on. This bill, as well as another on the checking of the Budget for 1871, passed the first reading. The latter was accepted with a recommendation that in the next session a bill should be laid before the House providing for an Imperial (as distinguished from a Prussian) Court of Accounts.

## A RIDE TO THE BALBOA SEAS.

(From JOAQUIN MILLER'S Poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine.*)

O! seas in a land, O! lakes of mine,
By the love I bear and the songs I bring
Be glad with me; lift your waves and sing
A song in the reeds that surround your isles;
A song of joy for this sun that smiles,
For this land I love and this age and sign;
For the peace that is and the perils pass'd;
For the hope that is and the rest at last.
O heart of the world's heart. West! my West!
Look up! look out! There are fields of kine,
There are clover fields, that are red as wine;
And a world of kine in the fields take rest,
And ruminate in the shade of trees
That are white with blossoms or brown with bees;
There are emerald seas of corn and cane;
There are cotton fields like a foamy main,
To the far-off South where the sun was born,
Where the fair have birth and the loves new morn;
There are isles of oak and a harvest plain,
Where brown men bend to the bending grain,
There are temples of God and towns new born,
And beautiful homes of beautiful brides;
And the hearts of oak and the hands of horn
Have fashioned them all and a world besides . . .
. . . A yell like the yell of the Iroquois,
And out of Eden, and of Illinois.

A rush of rivers and a brush of trees,
And a breath blown far from Mexican seas,
And over the great heart-vein of earth
. . . . By the South-Sun-land of the Cherokee,
By the scalp-lodge of the tall Pawnee,
And up La Platte. What a weary dearth
Of the homes of men! What a wild delight
Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,
Where the seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!
What dust and taste of quick alkali!
. . . . Then hills! green, brown, then black like
night,
All fierce and defiant against the sky.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,
Born strong of the will of the strong New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,
Of the mounts of Thunder,* where the clouds are
curled
Below in a splendour of the sun-clad seas;
And a kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint sweet fragrance from the far-off seas
Comes in through the gates of the great South Pass.
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
And the brown deer hies to the Tamarack;
And afar to the South with a sound of the main,
Roll buffalo herds from the peaks to the plain.
. . . . We are over the summit and on again,
And down like the sea dove the billow enshrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips to the sea,
We dart and we dash, and we quiver and we
Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

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* The telegraph poles along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with scarce an exception, are splintered and torn by lightning.

LIGHT, DELICATE, PALE SHERRIES.—A great and beneficial change has already taken place in the habits of our upper and middle classes by the more extended introduction of a variety of light wines of varied and unimpeachable dietetic value. The reduction of the wine duties has been a great boon, as not only has it had the effect of doubling the consumption of wine within the short space of ten years, but it has made light wine—what it should undoubtedly be—an article of daily and ordinary consumption, and far less liable to be taken in excess than when wine was a highly stimulating and costly luxury. At the present time the facilities for obtaining cheap and wholesome wines and other stimulants, bearing the guarantee of large and respectable dealers, in almost every town and village, is an advantage which deserves to be kept in view. Cheap wine has no doubt a certain amount of prejudice yet to overcome, and the medical man may do much in assisting to dispel this. Cheapness in wine does not necessarily argue a deficiency in stimulating and nourishing qualities, still less unwholesomeness. In our issue of January last we touched upon the article Sherry, and drew attention to the important place occupied by Spain as a wine-producing country. Since that time we have continued to use opportunities of testing and comparing the relative qualities and prices of various Sherries offered for sale, and have been especially struck by some light, delicate, pale Sherries obtained from the Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey. We think it due to the commercial enterprise, and a fair recognition of the undoubted benefit which this firm has conferred upon medical patients in the introduction of sound wholesome wines at moderate prices, to say that some of these Sherries approach nearer to our idea of what a good, generous, stimulating wine should be than anything we have seen for some time past, while the price places them within the reach of all when required for medicinal and dietetic purposes.—*British Medical Journal.*

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."
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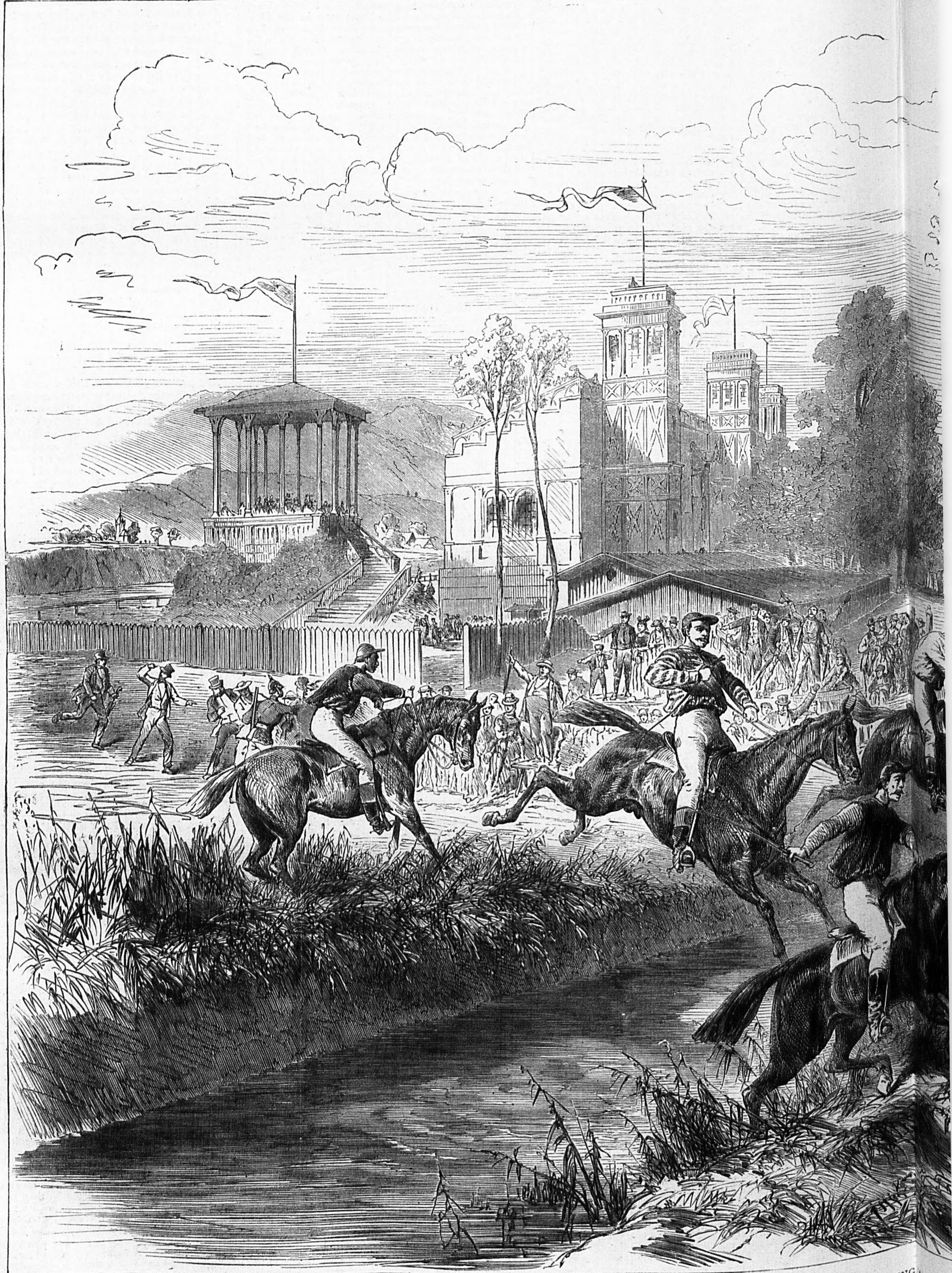
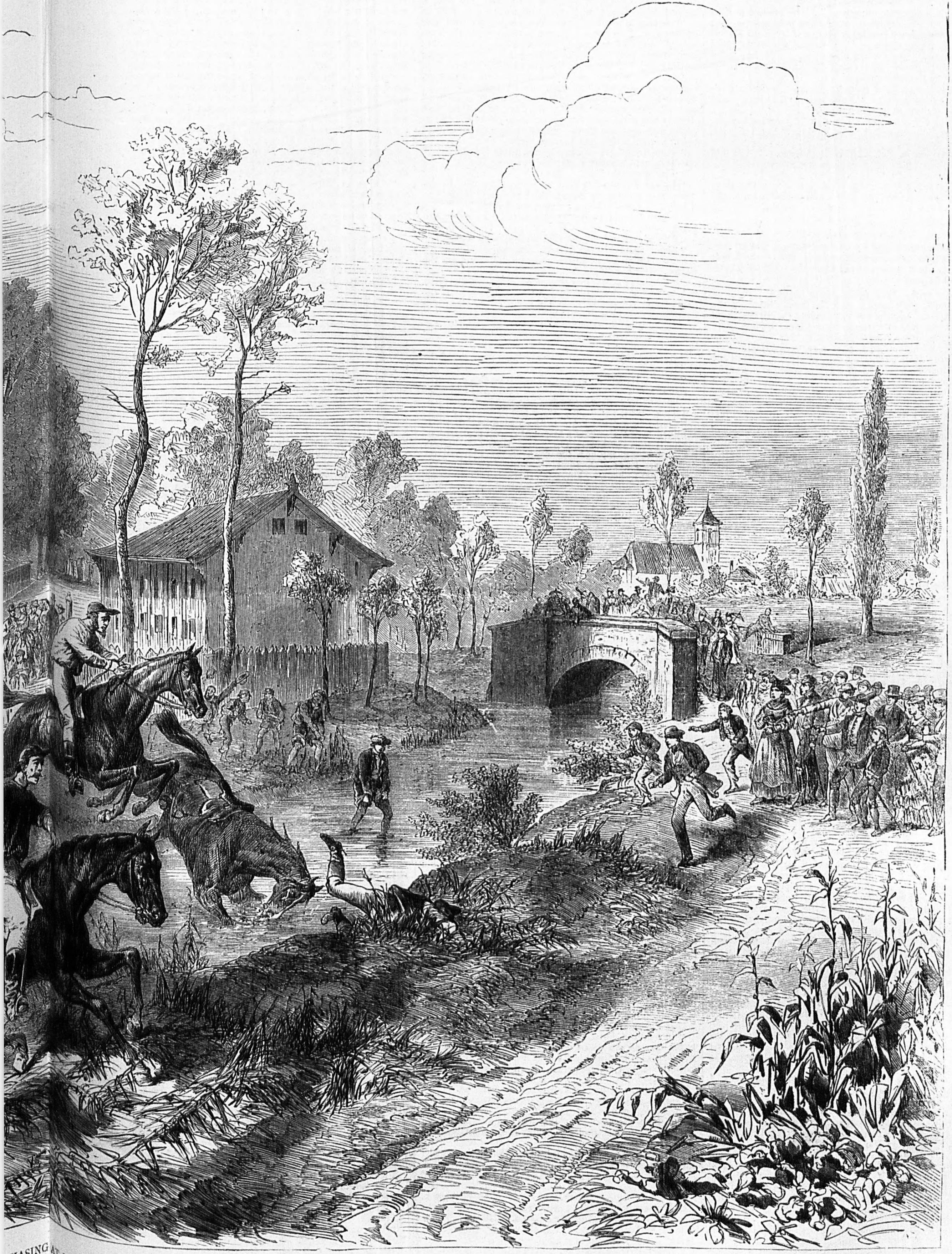


STEEPLECHASING AT BAD



CHASING AT BADEN-BADEN.

## LAURA'S STORY.

WHEN she came into church to-day she seemed to float along in an atmosphere of purple and gold, as the light filtered through the gorgeous windows. Will she always look so beautiful to me? Grey Aytoun's eyes followed her hungrily, angrily, up the aisle. Grey has been abroad three years; he seems to think this long absence entitles him to make remarks.

"She is incapable of feeling," he says, between muttering and whispering. "Folks who feel, change; and there isn't a line of her face altered."

I bow as if I assented. Let it go, if he cannot see it. Laura is gliding into her pew, loosening her furs, unclasping her book.

"Dainty as a doll!" hisses Aytoun. "The old fellow's bankruptcy don't impinge her toilets, eh?"

"It seems not."

The service is beginning. Up, up, above the risen congregation, above the azure and purple saints, the carven arches, the frescoed cherubim, soars that serene, splendid voice, in the Christmas Anthem—

Unto us a child is born!

which makes me forget Aytoun and Laura, and all that there has been between them and me. But to-night, this Christmas night, I get out her diary, and sit, all alone, and read its pages:—

*August 17th.*—Will nothing ever happen? Nothing but the cold, grey stones, and the weary thud of the waves without, and the noisy, turbulent children within! Summer comes to everything but my life. I think there will never be any perfume or bloom to that. How young and hopeful I was when I came here to Shoreham four years ago. How motherly I felt, at sixteen, toward the little motherless brood I had come to teach and guard; what an innocent sympathy I had toward Edward Julian, with his cold politeness and polished reserve, which has sometimes since made me wonder whether his wife had not rather frozen than died. How tolerant, even, I was toward old Mrs. Julian, with her vulgar stinginess and fussy impertinence. I was so sure of myself then—of my beauty and its power. I know I was not vain, but I could not help delighting in my own face, just as I did in brilliant pictures and sparkling stones, and everything that is lovely and rare. Ah! how I do love elegance—soft, sybaritic elegance! I can embody the most spiritual things in luxuries. Is this my weakness? Or is it because I have never been indulged? Pent-up passions gather force. Sometimes I wonder which of the two things I have never had—love and money—would yield me most happiness.

*18th.*—A long walk down the beach, with the children. Bessie's hat blew off, and we all went scampering after it around the slate cliff, and came pat upon a couple of artists, sketching. They both bowed, one without looking at us. I caught the children, those that I could reach, by the hand, and walked onward. Bessie's hat had lodged in a pool. We rescued it, and continued our way with decorum, and a drenched Leghorn. Wonderful events to chronicle! Am I a fool for keeping this diary? In the evening a letter came from Mr. Julian. He does not return for a month yet.

*23rd.*—This morning I was drilling Jean in the Rule of Three, when Grandma Julian made her appearance, quite out of breath. She was dressed in what she calls her "regimentals" (she never dares to wear them when Mr. Julian is at home), and she looked like a very scarecrow.

"It beats all," she began. "I never yet undertook to make soft-soap but somebody rung that door-bell. Won't you go down, Laury, and see who it can be?"

I went down, opened the door, and found—one of our artists of beach-recollection (the one who didn't look when he bowed). He introduced himself in a very business-like way, as Mr. Hollister, of New York, said he had been told, at the hotel in the village, that Mrs. Julian sometimes accommodated tourists with board (yes; if Mr. Julian did but know it!), and he had called on behalf of himself and his friend Grey Aytoun, who were spending a few weeks at Shoreham for the sake of the coast scenery. I told him it would be necessary for them to transact his business with Mrs. Julian, and having asked him into the parlour, I helped the old lady on with her bombazine and cap, and went back to the Rule of Three while she negotiated an arrangement which I presume she will find more profitable than the manufacture of soft soap.

*25th.*—The artists have come. A great bare chamber is appropriated for a studio, and transfigured with canvas. I wonder how we shall like them? It seems odd to hear such audacious laughter and such ringing steps in Edward Julian's home! I think grandma is a little frightened at her own bargain. I like Mr. Hollister. He is moderate in his height and voice and capacity; and a gentleman. I hardly know what to think of Grey Aytoun. He is so lowering and imperious, with the face of a Greek god. His sketch-book is filled with such daring, riotous conceptions. I think it would be easy to fear him, dangerous to love him, and impossible to hate him.

*30th.*—While we lived our tame, eventless lives, I could fill a page every night, in my diary. Now this infusion of new tastes and pursuits seems to have altered all, and I have no desire to chronicle what passes. Our artists rise early, breakfast, and pass the morning painting. The afternoons they spend coasting, either by water or along the rocks of the shore. Aytoun carries his rifle, and sometimes brings home some ducks; Hollister generally brings a mass of sea-weed, or some fragments of rock. One day he brought a pair of great white wings, which he has fashioned into a fan and painted for Bessie. He likes the children. In the evening we sing and read. How short the evenings are in August!

*31st.*—We have made an excursion; a sort of celebration of the ended Summer. It was Saturday, and grandma was glad to be rid of us for all day, while she cooked and scoured. The older children—Georgie and Jean—went with me. First we cruised about aimlessly, for two or three hours. Mr. Hollister was making notes in his sketch-book, of lights and shades. He paints, as he does all things, with truth and conscience. Aytoun said he should recollect everything connected with this morning, without notes. I used to think the rocks were so dull and the sea monotonous. How could I think so? There were wonderful shifting tints this morning in the water. Every wave like the crucible of a million jewels. When we were fully satiated with splendour, the dazzle softened all at once into a sapphire shimmer. The wind lulled; a delicate mist settled like spun-pearl over all. We ran our boat into a cove, waded through deep, white sand into the shade of a great blue rock, and there laid our cloth—spread our provision of cold meat, bread, coffee, and currant-wine.

"How long have you lived here, Miss Cambreling?' asked Aytoun, suddenly, as we devour our repast.

"Four years."

"I think I could live here for ever. But you, I suppose, have a home elsewhere which is dearer to you?"

"No; I have no home but the one I earn."

"I wish I could earn my home here!" he said, musingly.

"The winters are dreary?" I replied, with a shiver.

"True. And without friends, companions"——

"Mr. Julian is at home considerably through the winter. But our life is dull."

"Ah! that makes the difference. I am not sure that this sand-bar and that strip of reedy grass, and the threatening sough I hear in the wind, would be so delightful in any other company"——

"Is the wind threatening? Pray let us go home!"

"Are you such a coward—that is, so fond of life?" he asked, smiling.

"Not for myself. You know I have the care of the children."

"True. Do not be uneasy; I will take care of you!"

All the dazzle and beauty of the morning was gone by the time we were again afloat. The pearly mist was a dome of lead, and heavy drops began to fall, and we were miles from home! Georgy and Jean went to sleep, wrapped in Mr. Hollister's tarpaulin. Aytoun and I sat at the bow of the boat. The wind favoured us, and we scudded along through the dash of the water in the darkness. I was all a-tremble with fright and eagerness to be again at home. Yet, now, it seems to me I would give a year of life just to sit silent there, in the bow of the *Wave*, hugging my shawl about me, the rain falling, the waters plunging, the blackness gathering, and Grey Aytoun's eyes shining down upon me. How little he speaks and how much he looks! He is so intense. One of the civil, half-complimentary things which Mr. Hollister is constantly saying, would be an avowal of love from him.

*Later.*—Just as I had written the above, grandma came into the room. I expected it was to secure a compliment for the broiled oysters and coffee which awaited our return—but, no!

"Now, Laury," she began, "I've found out something, and, as I think you're interested, I've come to let you into the secret. Them young men are here under false pretences"——

I know not what went through my brain—a vision of burglars, counterfeiters, detectives! At last, I asked, "What do you mean?" and I was pretty sure she would answer, "Grey Aytoun has a wife at home!" But, no! grandma didn't come to the point like that.

"Well," says she, "one of them's rich and t'other's poor. I found out that. Now, if you're goin' to be philandering round with them, just pick the rich one!"

"Well, which is the rich one?"

"That's what I'm coming to. You see, thinks I, when you were off for the day, 'What's the harm finding out what I can?' So I jest looks around a little in that yere studio, looks over papers and letters, you know, and it turns out that Ralph Hollister's as rich as Crœsus, and Mr. Prince there—what d'ye call the other one;—is as poor as a church-mouse, and just paints for his living!"

"Ah!"

"Thought just t'other way, didn't you? Well, now you see what appearances are! H., he's modest; he's got a notion of being estymated without his money. Now, you may thank me for my intimation!"

I muttered something about not knowing what good it was going to do me, and grandma took herself off. And here I sit, with a great stone's weight on my heart. What difference does this news make to me? Certainly none! Grey Aytoun is himself, in wealth or poverty. And Ralph Hollister—that he should desire to be estimated without his money betrays just the delicate sentiment for which I have always given him credit. But what are either to me, anyway?

*Sept. 5th.*—Three or four joyous, brilliant days since the rain and grandma's discovery. This afternoon we were all on the beach. H. was "skipping" stones to amuse the children—A. talking with me.

"It is odd of Fate, Miss Cambreling, to tie you down to the care of a flock of children. I wonder what the doctrine of compensation would promise you? Their father's fortune, I presume, if it is an equitable doctrine."

Looking up, I saw Mr. Julian approaching us. I was incapable of stirring, but I exclaimed, which set the the children flying and screaming. Mr. Julian had heard from his mother of our increased family. He greeted the artists, therefore, without surprise, and me with his chiseled elegance.

"I fear I have come to break up a 'happy family'!" he said, with his fine irony.

"What do you mean, papa?" asked privileged Jean.

"I am going to take you up to New York next week. The house is being opened and cleaned. We shall make ready to leave here with all despatch."

Remove to New York, after these four long years? Is Mr. Julian going to give his city home a city mistress?

*October.*—We are settled in the city. It is very delightful, novel, to me. We have been taking a long vacation since our arrival, exploring streets, parks, shops, galleries. Mr. Julian gave me *carte blanche* for the children's Fall outfit. And yesterday afternoon we took the whole flock to the Museum. I think Mr. Julian was very proud of the display, for I have converted them into little princesses, royal in white plush, ermine, and plumes. An old lady innocently asked Jean if I was their mother! That reminds me that my suspicion as to Mr. Julian's marriage seems quite unfounded. As we stood waiting for an omnibus homeward bound, Grey Aytoun passed directly by us. It is very strange that this is the first time we have met since we left Shoreham. I felt my cheeks burn; I almost extended my hand. But Mr. Julian, with his peculiar command, ordained that he should merely bow and pass on. That is, I give Mr. Julian the credit of the cold greeting we all received. Then, for the first time since the artists were quietly ejected from their studio and driven from Shoreham, Mr. Julian referred to them.

"I suppose, Miss Cambreling," he said, "that those young men, whom my mother was imprudent enough to receive in her family last summer, feel entitled to claim your acquaintance?"

I could not help smiling.

"I suppose they do, sir!"

"It would not be unpleasant to you to admit their claim?" with the coolest deference in his inquiry.

"I liked both Mr. Hollister and Mr. Aytoun," I said.

I fancy Mr. Julian thought there was something bold in my reply.

"I shall then accord the permission to call which they have both asked of me," he remarked, gravely.

They had asked permission to call! I scarcely understood the words at first, and when I did, I could not hold back the delicious, surging happiness in my heart. Oh, if Mr. Julian could know that it was life itself to me to thing I was going to see *him* again—to know that *he* had not forgotten me! Fortunately, Mr. Julian cannot know—neither he nor any one else.

"Miss Cambreling," he pursued, after a pause, "I am going to take the liberty to give you some advice. These young men are the first of any attraction you have ever known. I should be loth to depreciate any one unjustly or ignorantly, but Mr. Grey Aytoun impresses me as that despicable thing, a male flirt. My mother, moreover, tells me that he is poor—has no resources but his uncertain and still unattained profession. I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, if I am wounding you, but it has seemed to me best to perhaps protect your happiness by a few words. I have not referred to Mr. Aytoun's poverty unadvisedly either, for I am somewhat observing, and I find that you are peculiarly dependent upon the surroundings of wealth."

I felt very strangely during this harangue. "Mr. Aytoun is nothing to me, sir," I stammered, "nor his friend either." But any one might have known I was telling a lie.

*October 20th.*—Well, notwithstanding Mr. Julian's permission, *he* does not call. Mr. Hollister came and spent an evening last week, and took me once to the opera. There we saw Aytoun with a lady. I was miserable all the evening. I would rather have been at home crying than sitting there.

*November 1st.*—After weeks of watching and waiting, I have seen Aytoun. He has spent an evening with me—that is, he came at nine o'clock, in irreproachable toilet, cambric cravat, gloves and cane, and stayed till ten. Mrs. Julian was present, and I was ashamed that I had confessed to ever liking him. I studied him in a sort of stupor. Was it the same man who had swung me down the steep rocks, and wrapped me in my shawl, and read to me "Locksley Hall" and "The Duchess Mary"? I would have given the world to have been clever and vivacious and indifferent; but instead I spoke monosyllables, and—oh, I won't think of the call; it was too hateful! Better keep my dream for ever, and forget that there is a reality—only that is the way one gets to be a sharp old maid by and by.

*November 20th.*—Mr. Hollister comes regularly to see us. To-night I have promised to sit to him for my picture.

*December 20th.*—Busy and miserable for the past month. The children are spoiled with excitement, and hard to manage; and my nerves, when they should be coolest, are all unstrung. What does Grey Aytoun mean? He liked me at Shoreham—more than liked me. Nothing can undo that. Now he treats me with the most frigid ceremony. Is he afraid that I shall presume (!) upon our intimacy, or is it his fashion to love and "ride away"? . . . My picture progresses. It is to be "Expectation"—a woman looking off at the rippled sea. My sittings seem to lead to an intimacy for which I was unprepared. Ralph Hollister is a sort of Good Genius to me. I come away from him with more faith and hope and charity in my heart than I go in with.

*January 2nd.*—What I have feared and dreaded for a month past has transpired. . . . Ralph Hollister has offered himself to me—and—I have accepted him. It has just been done. I feel the print of his kiss on my cheek still, the pressure of his hand. It is too soon, too sudden for me to analyse motives, calculate consequences. I only know that it is done—that there will be something other than this dreary every-day heart-break for my future; something besides dull duties and pinching economies. This morning was to be my last sitting. I was late, and had walked rapidly. Just as I was turning from the street into the studio, I found myself face to face with Grey Aytoun.

"You are sitting to Hollister for a picture?" he said, almost savagely, confronting me.

I bowed coldly, and tried to pass.

"He is to be envied so fair a subject," sneered Aytoun.

"Mr. Aytoun," I replied, "your opinion has not been called for."

"That is true. I beg your pardon, Miss Cambreling. You shall not have occasion to reprove me again."

He bowed and was gone. He is indignant that my heart is not broken because he "rides away." I went into the studio trembling and flashing with temper and disappointment. Hollister got to work quietly, and painted in silence for an hour. Then he laid down his brushes and thanked me.

"It will not be *necessary*, Miss Cambreling, for you to come again." I did not notice for the moment the stress he laid on one word. "But you do not know," he added, "how hard it is for me to say so."

I don't know how it came after that, but he was pouring forth the story of his love. It disgusts me to remember how cool I was—how I weighed chances as I listened. He is too good to be trifled with. May heaven forgive me. Would that I had never known that he was rich!

*January 3rd.*—I scarce know how to write of what has just happened, and still less how to meet it and think of it. Yet it must be met, and thought of and acted upon, and that without counsel from anybody. While I was dressing this morning, a note was brought to me. Here it is. Can I see it, decipher it, again?

> Since yesterday I have thought of nothing but the sharp words which I spoke and you answered. Laura, you were unjust to me. And I—what have I been to you? I am coming to tell you. You must see me at ten o'clock.
>
> AYTOUN.

At ten o'clock I went down to the parlour to meet him. He stood in the middle of the floor, towering, imperious. But he put his hands out.

"Could you ever forgive me?"

I was trying to smile. His face frightened the smile away.

"For what, Mr. Aytoun?"

"For being a fool! For loving you madly, and for letting my jealousies and suspicions keep me away from you?"

"It is too late to forgive you for keeping away."

"What do you mean?"

"I have no longer the right to have you come."

"You are false, then, after all?" He staggered a step away.

"False! *To you?*"

"You knew I loved you."

"How should I?"

He advanced toward me, mesmerised me with his strange look, seized my hands, threw them from him, and was gone. I stood and waited a long time—I scarcely know how long. He will never come back.

*January 4th.*—A day and night have gone. Just one thing shows clear to me in this obscurity—I cannot marry Ralph Hollister. . . . . . I have written him that I wish to see him. I think I have written him that something has wrought a change.

*January 5th.*—He has been, and gone. That much is over. He showed himself just as delicate and true as I ever believed him. I think I shielded my detestable calculations more than I had any right to. I murmured something about being betrayed by my friendship into imagining a warmer feeling. But some time I shall tell him that was not true.

"But, Laura, if no other has a place before me?" he said.

"Another has a place before you, Ralph."

"You will be happy, then, and I shall try to be."

"I shall never be happy. My affections belong to one who can never be anything to me."

"Laura, may I know"——

"It is Grey Aytoun."

*April.*—When Ralph Hollister and I parted, last January, we agreed to remain friends. This has caused him to call two or three times to see me. He called this morning. I saw from his face that he had something to tell. It come out, by and by: "Aytoun has gone abroad, Laura, for three years."

Some way the question of means struck me. I, who always have to consider means, and who hate to do so. "Has he commissions?"

"No! he goes for study. He is able, you see, with his long purse, to do what I may never hope for."

"His long purse? He is not rich."

"He is a millionaire."

Ralph was watching me keenly. I do not have disguises from him any more. "I thought it was you. I knew one of you was rich and the other poor."

"Yes; I have discovered that you knew. That was the basis of the trouble. But Aytoun would come back to you with one word—that you were free."

"What do you mean by the basis of the trouble?"

"Laura, Aytoun found out that you had discovered our secret. He found out also that you supposed it was I who had a fortune—not he. He let it go. He fancied he would test you. The opportunity just suited his suspicious nature. Then, because he is suspicious, he went all astray. He fancied from the moment you made your discovery that you began to look coldly upon him and favourably on me. He watched you, not realising how his own caprice would affect you, and found his suspicions confirmed by your visits to my studio, and the rest."

I had a dull pain across my temples. "And this can never be set right," I said, half to myself.

"Oh, yes, it can. The fact that you broke such an engagement as you made with me, still supposing me a millionaire, is proof that you had no mercenary motives. I went down the bay with him to-day," Mr. Hollister continued; "it was on the pilot's boat he told me all this. Laura, you love him; he loves you. A word will bring you together. Let me speak it; let me tell him that you are free."

"I am not free. I am to marry Mr. Julian at midsummer."

A look almost of disgust crossed Ralph Hollister's face. "It is because you are desperate, Laura Cambreling!"

"No!" I shrugged my shoulders. "I want to be gratified. I have never been gratified in anything. I shall do better as Mr. Julian's wife than as his governess. It is nearer my *rôle*."

"Oh, Laura, what a bitter voice! what hollow eyes!"

"Hush. There is a line even you must not trespass over."

"Laura, I want to believe in you."

"To-night I will send you last year's diary. I am willing that you should know me as I am."

* * * * *

"What are you reading there, so intently?"

It was Grey Aytoun, who had left the dinner-party below and found his way to my den, who interrupted me with his demand.

"It is Laura Cambreling's diary."

"Ah, you possess it, I suppose, as the companion-piece to her portrait! I presume one shows her false as the other does fair."

"I think both show her in her true colours."

"Heartless and avaricious?"

"Not at all. Only ardent, clever, and helpless."

"Why do you call her Laura Cambreling?"

"That is her name."

"And Edward Julian?"

"Was thrown from his carriage and killed the week that his notes were protested and his wedding to take place."

"Dramatic!"

"Yes; and Laura for the past three years and over, which have passed since, has devoted herself without any recompense to the children; sharing the economy of their home and eking out their slender means by her own outside efforts."

"I have wronged her, then! I should have come home sooner if I had known," said Aytoun, softly.

"It is time enough; two such natures need tempering and toning before they come together. You have both tested your hearts and tempers now, and can tell how far to trust them."

"I shall trust mine far enough to throw them at Laura Cambreling's feet to-morrow."

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

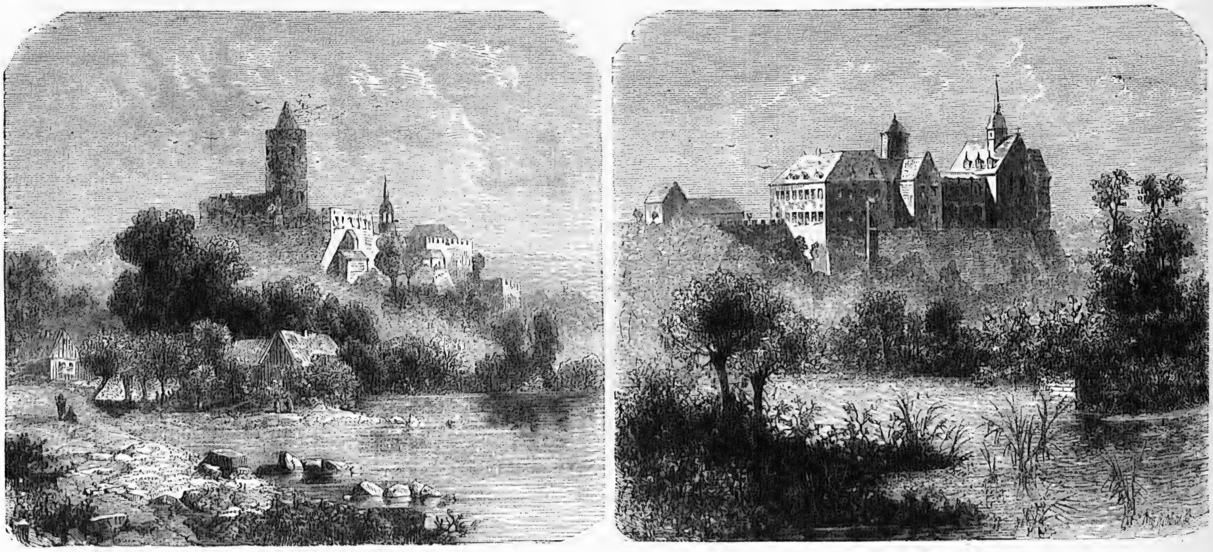
FROM *Le Follet* we learn something about winter fashions interesting to ladies. Out-of-door skirts will be worn a trifle shorter than in the autumn. A crinoline petticoat, puffed up to the waist at the back breadth, or a round crinoline with steels and tournure, should be worn with short dresses. For long skirts similar petticoats are made, with the addition of a trained flounce, but quite small round, so as to merely support the dress, and not to distend it. White petticoats will, of course, be confined to in-door wear, and these are rendered very elegant by the addition of frills and flounces trimmed with lace and embroidery. One of the favourite colours for costumes is "Maryland," a rich brown, that used to be called "Tabac d'Espagne;" it is eminently suited for cachemire, drap de dame, and all materials of that class, but it is not so effective in velvet, satin, or silk. The above-mentioned colour, a very deep blue, bottle green, and a rich shade of chocolate with a little red in it, will be the best worn colours this season. For more dressy toilettes—dinner and evening wear, and visits de cérémonie—the colours are very brilliant, especially in satins. Black silk will be very much worn. Epaulettes and arm-hole trimmings are again coming into fashion. Cord and tassels, passementerie, either plain or mixed with jet, are much used as ornaments. Flat plaitings and crossway bands are in as great favour as ever. Curled feathers and lace are much used for dress toilettes, whether evening or day wear. A very effective way of making black lace ruches has been lately introduced. Two rows of lace are run on a narrow strip of coarse, rather stiff, black net, and then plaited; the net serves to keep the ruche in shape, and is entirely hidden in the folds. We see many paletôts and small casaques entirely covered with braiding, others with the braiding confined to the edges and seams; it is sometimes mixed with thick embroidery. Velvet trimmings are very much worn, especially in crossway folds, and fringe is as much employed as ever. Very long trained over-skirts, or trains with short tablier front breadth, will be very much adopted this winter; others will be cut with the front the usual length, and looped up at one side with a cord and tassels, or handsome passementerie chatelaine, from the waist. The skirt must then be very full, or the raising at the side will draw it out of shape. An all-round skirt of contrasting colour or different material is worn underneath, the outer skirt being invariably of the thicker material and darker hue. For instance, black velvet over green satin, or dark brown cachemire over a lighter brown silk. The bodice should be the same as the train, open over a waistcoat like the under-skirt. There is but slight change in the tunics from those worn last month. The bodices for cloth and thick undress materials will be very much worn à l'Amazone; that is, with a small basque deeper at the back, like a riding-habit, as the name indicates. Some bodices are made with deep basques in front, the side pieces also left long but the back itself cut into a point just below the waist. Under this is a large fan-shaped plaiting much deeper in the middle. Bodices open en cœur, square or en châle, will still continue to be worn for in-door wear in the daytime, accompanied by fichus and chemisettes, but this style is no longer looked upon as sufficient dress for formal soirées or dinners, and will be reserved for thés dansants, concerts, theatres, and home dinners—in fact, any occasion when quite full dress would be out of place. Low bodies and short sleeves will therefore make their reappearance; but they can be accompanied by large loose sleeves of tulle, and the shoulders slightly veiled with the same, for ladies who prefer it, or to whom it is more becoming. Sleeves of high dresses will be made according to the degree of the toilette. Satin, velvet, and rich silks, for instance, will be open; but everyday materials will be mostly made with the coat sleeve, trimmed very high towards the elbow, or left open at the back, part of the way up the arm. Bonnets are decidedly a trifle larger; but they are still worn so very high, and thoroughly on the top of the hair, as to present almost the appearance of a helmet—in fact, the hats are much quieter looking; but they are never considered full dress for either married or single ladies over seventeen.

## THE FENIAN RAID UPON CANADA.

A NEW YORK paper of the 18th ult. contains the following details of the Fenian raid upon Canada:—Mr. Douglas, the assistant Custom-house officer, was alarmed early in the morning by a half-breed, who informed him that a body of men, numbering about forty, were marching down. Mr. Douglas went to the door, and, seing them coming, awoke Mr. Webster, and then started across the prairie to alarm the Hudson Bay post. He was pursued by General O'Donoghue and another man on horseback, who presented revolvers at his head and ordered him back. He told them he should not go back, and demanded by what authority they acted. He said he should not obey them until they gave him their authority. O'Donoghue replied that he acted under the authority of "the Provisional Government of Manitoba." The Fenians then marched down and took the Hudson Bay post, the only inmates being an old man and his wife, Mr. Watt, a one-armed Hudson Bay official, and Mr. Scott, his clerk. The Fenians seized all the provisions and made selections of clothing for themselves and other articles, and started one load of provisions down the river. The prisoners were allowed the liberty of the yard and verandahs of the buildings, but were not permitted to go outside the stockade. The Fenians arrested a half-bred American citizen on the road to Pembina, who was subsequently released by them upon being informed who he was. Messrs. Douglas and Webster, without the knowledge of the Fenians, gave the half-breed a note to Colonel Wheaton, Commandant of the United States forces at Fort Pembina, informing him of the situation of affairs, and asking assistance. In a very short time Colonel Wheaton, at the head of thirty men, appeared upon the scene. Colonel Wheaton sent his colour-bearer ahead to inquire of General O'Neill the object of his raid. The colour-sergeant was escorted into the presence of O'Neill at the point of the bayonet as a prisoner; but before the soldier could explain his mission some of the Fenians on the outside of the stockade came rushing in, exclaiming "The American troops are coming." Immediately there was a general stampede of the Fenians, pursued by the United States soldiers. O'Donoghue, on going outside, found one of his own men on his (O'Donoghue's) horse, but he was immediately knocked off, when O'Donoghue mounted and fled with the others who had horses taken from half-breeds. Many of them threw away their arms as they ran. Those who were on foot took to the bush along the river. The troops fired a volley on the mounted Fenians, but it is believed no one was injured. Colonel Wheaton, witnessing the flight of the Fenians, mounted a horse, drew his pistols, and pursued them some distance ahead of his men. He came up to O'Neill, Donolly, and Crowley, and arrested them without resistance, and ten of the rank and file. O'Neill was in such haste to get away from the post that he left his sword on a table. O'Donoghue left his repeating rifle, cloak, &c. Colonel Wheaton captured about 300 stand of arms, 250 being breech-loaders. He also sent a force and re-took the provisions which the Fenians were sending away. The prisoners were taken to Fort Pembina and confined in the barracks. General O'Neill took his capture very philosophically, and on being put into an ambulance he produced his pipe and smoked during the short ride to the fort. The *New York Tribune*, of the 19th, states that the United States Commissioner, before whom the general and his captured followers were brought, considered himself bound to discharge them, because the offence was committed on Canadian soil, and was therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. The officers and leading spirits of the expedition were therefore released. The people of Manitoba are greatly excited by the sudden demonstration of General O'Neill and his band, and volunteers are rapidly enlisting in every portion of the province. As soon as the report of the capture of General O'Neill was circulated throughout the province, Riel made his way to Winnipeg, and tendered Governor Archibald his services, together with 150 Frenchmen, in driving out the invading forces. The meeting between Riel and the Governor is said to have been of the most demonstrative character, the two shaking hands no less than five times in one minute.

## THE CURE FOR CANCER.

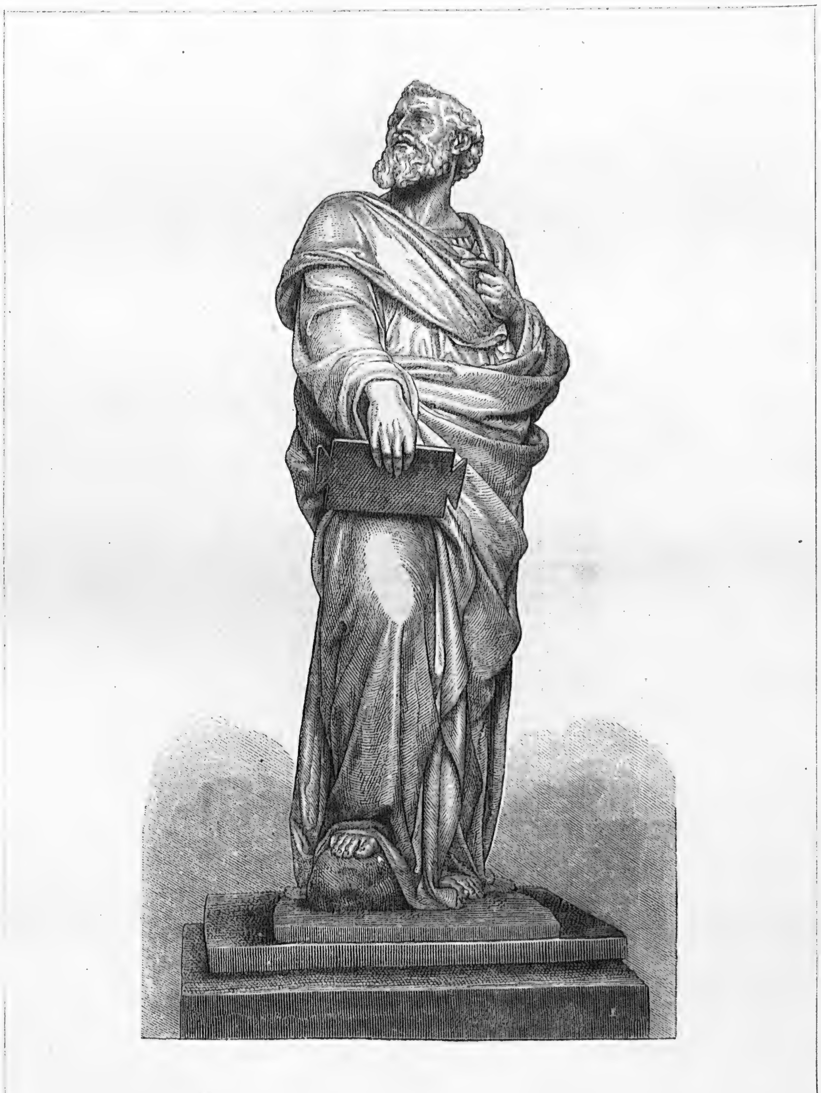
SOME months ago we mentioned the discovery of a plant which was said to be a specific for cancer. The statement was that an Indian woman of Ecuador, seeing her husband suffering fearfully from this terrible disease, gave him some of the poisonous plant cundurango, in order to put him out of his misery, and that instead of killing it cured him. The story got about, and the surgeons of Ecuador determined to try the plant with their patients. They were so satisfied with the results that they published an account of the cures, which soon found its way into the United States. A chest of the new remedy was sent to Washington by the American Minister at Ecuador, and Dr. Bliss, professor of pathology at Washington, proceeded to make experiments. He has published the results in the New York and Boston medical journals. He commenced his experiments with but faint hope of finding them successful, but, at the same time, with the full determination to make a fair trial. He chose cases for which even the knife offered no hope of cure, and he found that they yielded to the exhibition of the Indian drug. One of his patients was the mother of Vice-President Colfax, and her case turned out successfully. Dr. Bliss declares that cundurango is a specific, not only for cancer, but also for scrofula and tuberculosis. The remedy is given either in form of a decoction of the bark, or as a watery extract; and Dr. Bliss and another surgeon, Dr. Keen, having imported several tons of the precious plant, have opened a laboratory in New York, where the preparations can be obtained. Cundurango resembles cascarella, and belongs to the class of aromatic bitters.



Ruins of Schonburg.

Goseck Castle.

TWO CASTLES ON THE SAALE.

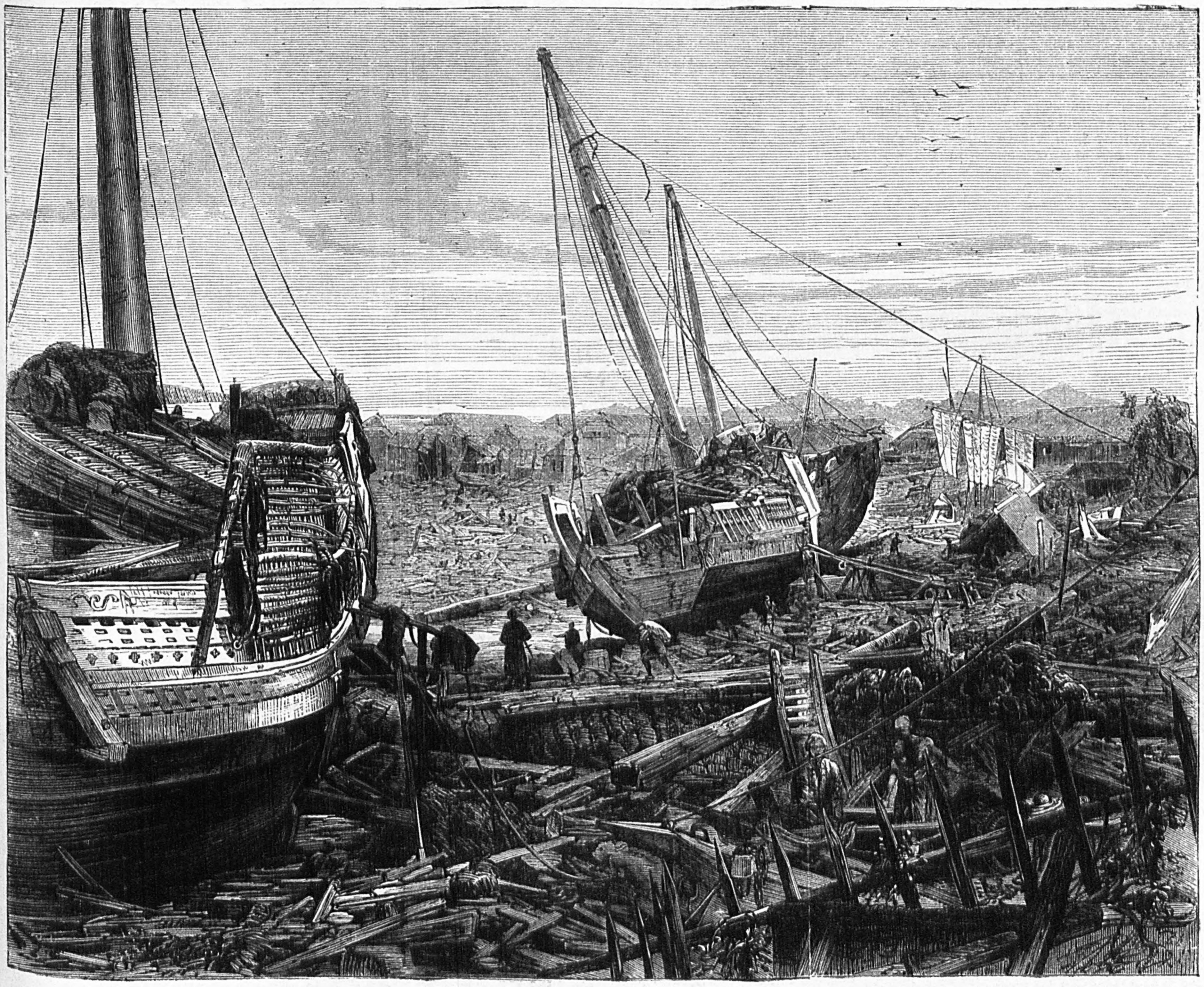


THE PROPHET EZEKIEL, in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A ROAD-STEAMER.

An interesting account is given by the *Scotsman* of a feat without parallel, lately performed by a large road-steamer—namely, running from Ipswich to Edinburgh by road, a distance of 450 miles, in seventy-seven hours' travelling time.

The engine, which is one of four now being built by Messrs. Ransomes, Sims, and Head for the Indian Government, under Thomson's patent, with india-rubber tires, is of 14 nominal horse-power, but has several times been worked up to 80 indicated horse-power; her weight is about 13½ tons; length, 15ft.; breadth, 8ft. 8in.; height to top of chimney, 15ft. The omnibus weighs about 3½ tons, and is seated for twenty-one people inside and forty-four outside; total, sixty-five. She left Ipswich on Friday morning, the 15th of September, under charge of Lieut. Crompton. The first town reached was Stowmarket, where a difficulty arose with the town pump, which was incapable of supplying sufficient water for the thirsty monster, who was compelled to drink again a mile or two farther on. The road for miles was overshadowed by trees, and it was necessary to keep men on the roof with saws and axes to cut a passage for the chimney. She arrived at Bury St. Edmund's in time for breakfast, having run the first twenty-five miles in four and a half hours, including all stoppages. After leaving Bury St. Edmund's the train was boarded by a photographer, who begged to be taken up, and insisted until he carried his point. On arriving at Newmarket for luncheon, the engine was refused water at the waterworks, and so had to pump it from a cistern in the backyard of the Golden Lion. A difficulty also arose with the police, who directed the engine to "move on." They, however, declined a suggestion made by Lieut. Crompton that they should "run it in," and it continued its journey in peace, reaching Ely at six p.m. Here, after coaling and getting dinner, the travellers engaged a guide to pilot them across the fens to Peterborough; he commenced his task by losing his way about ten miles from Ely, and finished by directing the engine along the brink of the Forty-foot river. Now came the most thrilling part of the journey. As the engine went on the road got narrower, and narrower, until it was only a few inches wider than the engine. The bank sloped down steeply on one side to the river, on the other to the fen; but for the utmost care taken by the steersman to keep the engine exactly central on what there was of road the wheels would have cut away the rotten boggy bank, and the engine would have gone into the depths of the fen. After about ten miles of this nervous work a tube burst, which delayed the travellers several hours, and gave them an opportunity of resting in the omnibus; thus ending the first day's journey of seventy miles. The second day's journey was a short one, as, being Saturday, it was necessary to find a good place to lay up the train over Sunday. Mr. Jackson, of Stevington House, Wansford, hospitably put them all up until Monday, and took the engine into his private grounds. On Monday morning, at 6 a.m., the train started, and made a splendid run from Wansford to Doncaster, eighty-three and a half miles, in ten and a quarter hours, including unavoidable stoppages for water, coals, &c. Most of the miles on this day's journey were actually done in four minutes—some of them in less—or at the rate of fifteen to eighteen miles an hour. The following day's run was from Doncaster to Azerley Hall, near Ripon, where the travellers had arranged to remain some days. The roads to this place were in an awful state, owing to the heavy rainfall. All the rivers were in flood, and clear water for the engine could not be obtained in pond or river. From Azerley the engine proceeded to Darlington on the 1st of October, and thence to Wooler, near the Border, on the 3rd. The road became very bad after leaving Morpeth, and as the travellers approached Wooler it was more like the channel of a gravelly burn than anything else. Outside this place a toll-gate man absolutely refused passage, and the gentle power of steam had to be applied before the party could proceed. He came on to Wooler to give the engine in charge to the police; but the "force" were extremely civil and obliging, for the inhabitants of Wooler were not hospitably inclined, and it was some time before the sergeant of police could find them shelter. Next day, after loading with coals that were sold by the "bowl," the train crossed the Border, and by dint of running all night crossed the Lammermoor ridge early in the morning, arriving at Edinburgh on the 5th. She came in by the Dalkeith road and the bridges, and swung round into Prince's-street in grand style. Although there were tramway obstructions in that street, she threaded her way through them and distanced all the traffic, turning up into George-street and so on to a coach-builder's yard in the West-end, where she was laid up. Since that time she has made several trips of an experimental nature, in one of which she took forty tons of gross load up Soutra-hill, which is an incline of one in seventeen of upwards of a mile in length. She is to start on her return journey to Ipswich on Monday next, and will then be shipped off to India. The chief difficulties encountered by the engine on her journey appear to have arisen from foraging for water and coal.



A PART OF THE HARBOUR OF HIOGO, IN JAPAN, AFTER THE TYPHOON.

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## FUTURE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* writes:—

The future strength of the French infantry has been already fixed by the commission on military affairs. The distribution of the army has been settled, as follows:—There are to be nine corps stationed at Paris, Versailles, Rouen, Lille, Chalons, Lyons, Marseilles, Rennes, and Bourges. Each corps is to consist of three divisions, each division of two brigades, each brigade of two regiments, and each regiment of 3,000 men; besides artillery and cavalry, respecting the numbers of which nothing has yet been definitely settled; but, including the whole army, the strength will not exceed more than 600,000, or, at the outside, 650,000 in time of peace. The eight Lancer regiments are to be entirely done away with, and the men are to be distributed among the other cavalry corps. There are to be no more standing garrisons in any of the large towns. Standing camps are to be built within a certain distance of each, and portions of the troops are to take their turn of duty inside the limits of those cities, but to be changed at short periods, as local circumstances may dictate. In the late autumn, and throughout the winter, one-third of the men are to be allowed to go to their homes; and the regiments forming each corps are, as far as possible, to be supplied with recruits from the districts nearest to their own head-quarters. The Army of Algiers is not considered in this calculation. For that colony special corps are to be raised, or rather those now existing—the Zouaves, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Turcos, and Spahis, the first two being composed of Frenchmen, the latter of native Algerians—are to be increased fourfold, as is also the Foreign Legion, until the local force amounts to 45,000 men. The French have at last, and not too soon, as they know now to their cost, learned that African discipline and warfare are about the worst possible training for European warfare. As a whole, nothing could be better in theory than this new arrangement of the army—in practice there is one large wheel which it is greatly to be feared will not work well, at least until French regimental officers become more what those of our own and the German army are, pay more attention to what many civilians would regard as trivial details, and superintend their men far more than they do. The weak point of the machine is, that these different *corps d'armée* are to be, after the Prussian fashion, permanently stationed at the various head-quarters I have mentioned, and the men are to be recruited chiefly, if not entirely, from the adjacent districts. In Germany, among a population respecting law and order, this system works exceedingly well. In England, the very best regiments are those which are bound together by the same country or county enlistment. But what about France? Would not local ties tend to turn the army into mere local forces, ready to follow in the steps of the defunct National Guard, and willing to take up arms to support the first demagogue who wished to make of the troops tools to raise him to power? The National Guard has gone about its business; but what if local *corps d'armée* took its place in readiness to assist the chronic revolution which seems never to die out in France? It is true, that keeping the troops in standing camps outside the large towns may have an excellent effect on the service, or at any rate may tend to keep down too much fraternisation with the revolutionary classes. Still, in any case, the risk is not small; and although the French authorities are ever ready to forget everything that has happened in the way of evil, they ought to recollect that it was in the want of obedience openly displayed in the regiments that had been stationed at Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and other large towns that most of their military misfortunes during the last war originated; and the spirit which fostered this mutinous feeling is not dead, and can hardly be said to be asleep. If the French want to make their army effective in European warfare, they must first stamp out its democratic spirit.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE contest between the Crown and the Lower Chamber in Norway, says a letter from Gothenburg, may be expected to have the effect of increasing the known repugnance of many leading persons there to the more intimate legislative union between the sister kingdoms which the King has so long avowed himself to be anxious to establish.

THE labourers of Dublin have threatened to strike for an advance of 3s. per week.

LETTERS from Dantzic mention that the Baltic is beginning to freeze, and that navigation with St. Petersburg is suspended.

THE Edinburgh horseshoers and Glasgow joiners are demanding an advance of wages.

IT is said to be incorrect that there have been any fresh negotiations between the French and the German Governments respecting the payment of the fifth half-milliard. The report of an arrangement for a transfer of Rentes is therefore entirely without foundation.

THE *Civilian* repeats a rumour that "the political wire-pullers of the Tower Hamlets have met and resolved that Mr. Acton Ayrton is not to be re-elected for the great East-end borough."

SMALL-POX is alarmingly on the increase in Belfast.

THIRTEEN Bonapartist members who had withdrawn from the Council-General of Corsica, and who had been again summoned, have declared their intention of resigning their seats. The Council, being still of an adequate number, will continue to sit.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna announces that Count Hohenwart and his colleagues in the cis-Leithan Cabinet have placed their resignations in the hands of the Emperor.

A COMMUNIST of mark, named Boyer, who lately escaped from a Versailles prison, has been arrested at Orleans.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs:—"The Council of Revision has again rejected the appeal of Rossel. The Commission of Pardons will meet on the 8th of November to decide upon nearly thirty cases in which capital sentences have been passed. The rumours respecting a proposed amnesty are totally unfounded, but the number of Communist prisoners who have been set at liberty exceeds 10,000."

A BOARD of Examination for young men who volunteer in order to serve only one year in the German army, has been established in Alsace and Lorraine. The first examination will be held on the 29th of November.

ONE effect of the state of disorganisation through which Paris has passed, remarks the *Times*, is that there is at present no recognised time there. Every clock, on true Republican principles, follows its own rule.

A CIRCULAR respecting the interviews at Gastein and Salzburg, addressed on the 12th ult. by Count Beust to the representatives of Austria abroad, has been published. Count Beust says that those interviews were of the most satisfactory character, that they were arranged solely for the purpose of enabling the two Governments to establish more intimate and more friendly relations with each other, and that, so far from being calculated to arouse mistrust, they, on the contrary, offer to Europe a fresh guarantee of peace. In an analysis of the circular which appeared at the time it was stated that France was recommended to abandon all thought of revenge against Germany. France, however, is not alluded to in the document.

MR. ADAMS, formerly American Minister at our Court, is expected to arrive in this country almost immediately.

A COLLISION took place a few mornings back between two railway trains on the line from La Veuve to Châlons-sur-Marne, when two locomotives were broken to pieces and the stokers killed.

THE operative plumbers of Bradford are seeking an advance of 2s. per week in their wages.

A GOOD deal of excitement prevails in Galway county in consequence of a current rumour that Sir Seymour Blane, who has just purchased the large estates lately belonging to the Law Insurance Company, has bought them for a member of the Royal family.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT has sent the following letter to M. Albert Joly:—"Allow me, dear defender, to offer you an edition of the *Lanterne*, formerly supposed to have yielded me so much, and which now costs me so dear. What most distresses me in the calumnies of all sorts hurled against, not only me, but my family, and even my children, is the thought that I see in them vague hopes of the resurrection of a dynasty thought to be dead, and which I was reputed to have buried. I see sprouting in all directions literary and political mushrooms which nothing but a Bonapartist dunghill could engender. I daily expect to hear that Napoleon III., returning to his rightful domain, has proclaimed an amnesty, and that I, after being condemned by a Republic, shall experience the still more terrible doom of pardon by the Empire."

THE first narrow gauge railway in the United States, the Denver and Rio Grande, was opened for traffic on Monday last.

THE French Commissioners for the International Exhibition held this year at Kensington have just sent in their report to the Minister of Commerce. The sales of articles in the department allotted to France amounted to more than 500,000f. (£20,000). Orders had also been received for double that sum. For works of art more than 125,000f. had been received.

MR. JOHN DIXON, of London, has been engaged to carry out the construction of the tunnel which it is proposed to make under the Mersey from Liverpool to Birkenhead. The plans of the tunnel have been laid before the Mersey Dock Board, and several members have expressed themselves strongly in favour of the scheme.

THE Belgian journals relate that a horrible murder was committed a few nights back at Sempt, a village between Vilvorde and Malines, by a woman named Popelu on the person of her husband, a wood-sawyer aged between thirty-five and forty. For some time past she had been observed by the neighbours to be labouring under violent excitement, caused, as it was supposed, by jealousy. On the Saturday evening there had been an altercation between the man and his wife, but they retired to rest as usual. But at four in the morning the woman rose, and, taking up a large hatchet, dealt her husband such a blow on the head that death was almost instantaneous. The eldest of three little girls, aged six, who slept in the room, being awakened by the noise, asked her mother what she had done, and the mother replied, without any emotion, "I have killed your father." At six the girl went out to inform the neighbours, and the woman took to flight. She was soon after traced to a small wood near the village. On finding herself discovered she threw herself into a stream to avoid being captured, but was taken out and secured.

BY an accident which happened on Wednesday in the limestone pits, at the foot of the Castle Hill, at Dudley, one workman was killed, and two were seriously injured.

THE Swedish Ministers have announced that they intended to remain in office. The Minister of War will only retain his portfolio temporarily.

THE *German Correspondent* says that next summer the hundredth anniversary of the union of West-Prussia with the Prussian State will be celebrated in that province. Festivities are to be held in all the principal towns, but Marienberg will be the chief seat of the patriotic demonstration. It is proposed to erect a statue of Frederick the Great there, the expense of which is estimated at 27,000 thalers. Both a scientific and a popular history of the province will also be published on this occasion.

THE Hon. Frederick Stanley, M.P., is now suffering from a severe attack of fever.

THE Turkish Government seems bent on retrenchment in the public departments. It is officially announced that, owing to the abolition of useless offices and the suppression of improper payments, an annual saving of 6,000,000 fr. will be effected, and that still further retrenchments will soon be made.

THE measures taken by the French Government to obviate the scarcity of the gold and silver coinage so long complained of at Paris are as follow:—The actual manufacture of coins called "*pièces divisionnaires*" was not far from 100,000 fr. a day in Paris, and 50,000 fr. at Bordeaux. This rate of production being very nearly doubled, reached the monthly figure of 8,000,000, so that to produce this quantity of *monnaie divisionnaire* in silver they have suspended the manufacture of silver five-franc pieces. The coinage of gold money reached the sum of 1,000,000 fr. a day. The Government buys the metals in ingots to supply the mints of Paris and Bordeaux.

PRESIDENT GRANT has appointed the 30th November as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer in the United States.

WORK has been suspended at Chemnitz, in Saxony, in twenty of the larger factories. The number of workmen who have struck amounts to about 6,500. The men are calm. They demand a reduction of the hours of work to ten, with 25 per cent. extra for overtime.

THE French Minister of War has inflicted a penalty of two months' imprisonment on General Nansouty for his recent letter.

IT is officially announced that from the 21st ult. fifty-one sentences were pronounced by the Court-Martial sitting at Versailles, and 379 Communist prisoners were released, thus making a total of 9,823 prisoners who have been discharged. Nearly all the prisoners on board the hulks have been subjected to a preliminary examination. Six fresh courts-martial will be opened next week.

M. THIERS has written to the President of the Council-General of Rouen announcing that he will shortly visit that town in connection with a scheme for a grand artillery establishment in the neighbourhood.

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* telegraphs:—"It is whispered that among the measures the Cabinet are considering is one for simplifying and cheapening considerably the system of Parliamentary procedure with reference to what are called local and private bills. The experience of last Session has forced the consideration of some practical remedy upon the members of the Government, and I think you will probably read a paragraph in the Queen's Speech commending the subject to the early attention of Parliament, and intimating that a plan will be brought forward having in view the division of the House into four grand committees, to one or other of which public bills should be committed for specific and detailed examination."

IN the village of Haskeni, where the English workmen in the employ of the Sultan live, more than twenty Englishmen have already died of cholera.

IF Mr. Gladstone declines to stand for Greenwich at the next election, the *Glasgow Star* says:—"A number of his supporters in Edinburgh are anxious to secure his Parliamentary services, and his recent sojourn in that city had some connection with that contingency. It was proposed to present him with the freedom of the burgh, but the proposal was violently opposed by some town councillors, so that it was abandoned."

THE Emperor of Austria has definitely accepted the resignation of the Hohenwart Ministry, but there appears to be great difficulty in the way of forming a new one. The Emperor sent for Count Andrassy, who arrived at Vienna on Saturday. Count Beust is ill, and confined to his bed.

THE East London Protestant Defence Association has adopted a memorial to the Queen praying for the release of Mr. George Mackey, a Protestant lecturer, who is now confined in Winchester Gaol.

AT the Mansion-house on Saturday, Charles Nutley, a commercial traveller, was committed for trial on a charge of libel.

LORD LYTTELTON, speaking the other day at a meeting of the managers of the Saltley Training College, on the education question, said it was still in such a state of uncertainty and transition that it was impossible for any one to speak with any great confidence on many of the topics connected with it. School Boards had lagged behind in their work, and the Government Department had been so oppressed with a mass of business that it was not known yet in what state education was in different parts of the country.

CONSIDERABLE sensation was created last week at Ramsgate by the mysterious disappearance of a young man named Esdale, who was supposed to be drowned. From inquiries that were made, it was ascertained that Mr. Esdale was not dead, but that he had returned to London the same night, and had since taken his passage in the *Golden Fleece* for the Cape of Good Hope under an assumed name. He had left his clothes on the beach.

A MEETING of the men employed in the carriage works of the Bristol and Exeter Railway Company was held on Saturday, in favour of a reduction of the hours of labour.

WHILE Mr. Gladstone was at Greenwich on Saturday a numerously signed memorial was presented to him, expressing regret that circumstances had led to the withdrawal of the Licensing Bill, and a hope that no unnecessary delay would be incurred in vigorously presenting a measure for dealing with the evils arising from the liquor traffic.

MR. W. H. STEPHENSON, the chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, is to be made a K.C.B.

A SHERIFF'S Court was held at York Castle on Friday to assess the damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage from Sheffield, the plaintiff being a young woman named Dickinson, the daughter of a man in the steel trade, and the defendant a young man named Bramhall, the manager of a lucrative business belonging to his father. The damages claimed in the record were £2,000, and the jury assessed the loss of the plaintiff at £150.

THE Court of Rome, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, protests against the rumour according to which an Envoy of the Pope would be charged to warn the German Government on the subject of its intentions in case of a conclave being held out of Italy. The fact which has given rise to the report is as follows:—"Monseigneur Hardi, while travelling in Germany, complained in certain private conversations that little liberty was accorded to the Pope in consequence of the presence of the Italian Government in Rome. Monseigneur Hardi not being invested with any particular mission, his conversations, incorrectly repeated, may have given rise to the rumour in question, which has absolutely no serious foundation."

THE iron trade of South Staffordshire, says the *Birmingham News*, has not for many years been in so prosperous a condition as at this moment, and the returns of the canal, railway, and banking companies serving this district will, at the close of the year, present a striking contrast to those of any previous year for a long time past.

M. THIERS on Saturday received the members of the Council-General of the Seine-et-Oise, and made a short address to them on the position he occupied as head of the State. Disclaiming being a man of party, he said he was a Frenchman, and though not the author of the Republic, yet having received it as a trust from the country, it should not perish in his hands. The Republic, he said, had need to be wiser than a Monarchy, and to show that it could exist side by side with order and respect for the laws.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.—In our notice of Pendennis Castle and Falmouth, last week, we ought not to have omitted to mention Falmouth Hotel, a very excellent house, near the Railway Station, beautifully situated, close upon Pendennis Castle, the favourite home during the season of a host of visitors.

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &c., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmith's Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS exercise most wonderful power in promoting appetite, improving digestion, regulating the bowels, and removing nervousness and debility. The weakest will take no harm from the use of this alterative and tonic medicine, but will gradually regain their health. The strongest will preserve themselves from many of the mishaps into which their boasted strength and fearlessness of results often betray them. Long suffering invalids may look towards this rectifying and revivifying medicine with the certain hope of having their maladies mitigated, if not removed, by their means. In short, for all ages, circumstances, and conditions Holloway points out the treatment which is competent to check the progress of disorders in, and expel its seeds from, the human frame. [475

## CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

TRUSTEES.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.

Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Total existing assurances | £4,912,205 | 0 | 0 |
| Total annual income | 198,314 | 2 | 6 |
| Total funds | 1,891,915 | 12 | 7 |
| Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits | 280,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Bonus reserve fund | 45,453 | 15 | 5 |

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

## THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.

Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.

Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase ot the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

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THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

## OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON

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CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

Head Office: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
London Office: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
*Chairman*—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

Abstract from Reports of 1870 and 1871, showing the Progress of the Company.

| 1870. | | | | 1871. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| £36,165 | 8 | 10 | Gross Fire Income | £55,139 | 2 | 0 |
| 27,554 | 3 | 4 | Nett Fire Premiums | 45,243 | 16 | 10 |
| 13,111 | 11 | 1 | Losses | 22,766 | 17 | 7 |
| 7,555 | 10 | 6 | Balance of Profit and Loss Account | 12,336 | 11 | 2 |
| 17,067 | 10 | 4 | Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life) | 26,869 | 14 | 2 |
| 68,492 | 10 | 4 | Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital | 78,294 | 14 | 2 |

Application for Agencies Invited.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
*May*, 1871. [370

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## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use.* Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C. [371

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## WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

TRIAL
BEFORE
PURCHASE

Machines Taken in EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
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Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

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## FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA,

at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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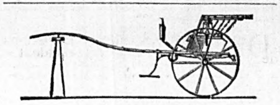

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## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. [218

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## MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street,

the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

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## BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH

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Wholesale and Retail. [269

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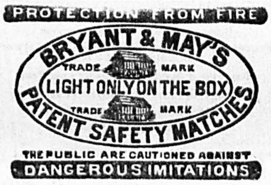

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Liverpool. [797

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